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THE MOTOR 'BUS DISASTER.

A terrible accident happened to a Vanguard motor omnibus last week as it was conveying a party of tradespeople to Brighton. This is the driver's story of the disaster: "We had reached the brow of the hill, and were just descending the slope on the other side when I noticed something had gone wrong, and that my brakes would not act. I fancy the brake-rod must have snapped, so in the endeavour to regain control I reversed my engine. Then I found that I had broken my gear, so I could not steer the omnibus in this way. The omnibus then ran away down the hill quite beyond my control, shedding pieces of gear all over the roadway. The omnibus was top-heavy, and it began to sway all over the place. If this had not happened I believe I could have steered her down the hill and kept her to the roadway. As it was, I could not keep her straight, and she dashed full tilt into an oak tree, and was completely crumpled up like a piece of matchwood." The passengers were thrown at least 30ft. from the top of the omnibus, through the trees bordering the road into the field beyond. Three of the passengers were thrown into a tree, and hung there, senseless, until they were removed by helpers.

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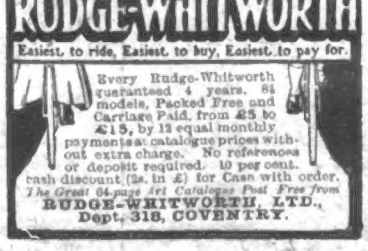

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Baby Traveller.

Charles Clinton Gladwin, a baby boy of two years and eight months, has gained notoriety through travelling unaccompanied from New York to Queenstown. He was put aboard the *Cedric* at New York with a label attached to his button-hole bearing a request that he might be "forwarded" to an address at Chiswick. At Queenstown, however, he was claimed by an aunt, with whom he has now arrived in London. The little chap, who seems to be possessed of an amount of assurance far beyond his years, was naturally the pet of the boat and appeared perfectly happy while making his lonely voyage.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

World's Youngest Traveller: Charles Clinton Gladwin, age 2 years 8 months, who has just arrived in England, after travelling alone from New York.

Lady Jockey to Ride.

A York racehorse owner and a lady owner residing near that city have arranged a trial match of five or six furlongs, the two owners to act as their own jockeys.

The lady is to ride in colours (says the *Yorkshire Post*), and the conditions are to be weight for age, the lady jockey claiming a year's allowance. She has already ridden her horse in canters, wearing silk, and is a keen sportswoman.

The only lady jockey's name in the racing calendar is that of another Yorkshire woman—Mrs. Thornton—who in August, 1804, rode a four-mile match for 500 guineas, catch weights, against Mr. Flint. Mrs. Thornton rode stride-saddle in colours, and lost the race. Two hundred thousand pounds changed hands over the match, which was run on Knavesmire, York.

Bets in Invisible Ink.

Albert Gorman, a bookmaker, of Upper Kennington Lane, was remanded at Wimbledon on Saturday charged with attempting to obtain £18 by means of a trick from Harry Cavanagh, a Wimbledon bookmaker.

It was alleged that on Thursday afternoon Garman handed Cavanagh a paper bearing the words: "5s. Goldflake, 10s. Marliacea." These were the names of horses running in the 3.30 and 4 o'clock races. Gorman then went away.

While Cavanagh was looking at the paper afterwards he states that he saw other writing developing on it. He watched until at length the names of two horses which had won earlier races stood out clearly, with amounts against them.

Photo, P.I.P.

BISLEY: Col. Hopton, second in the Edge Competition.

Gorman went to Cavanagh on Friday and claimed £18, instead of the money which was due to him on the paper before the invisible ink developed.

When he was arrested, Gorman said to the detective: "You're a man of the world. Take a couple of quid, and don't let him charge me."

Convicts in Revolt.

Eight hundred convicts confined in the central prison at Tarragona made a daring attempt to overpower the warders and escape last week.

By prearrangement they began an uproar while the warders were changing guard, and then rushed into the central courtyard armed with knives and iron rods wrenched from the windows of the cells.

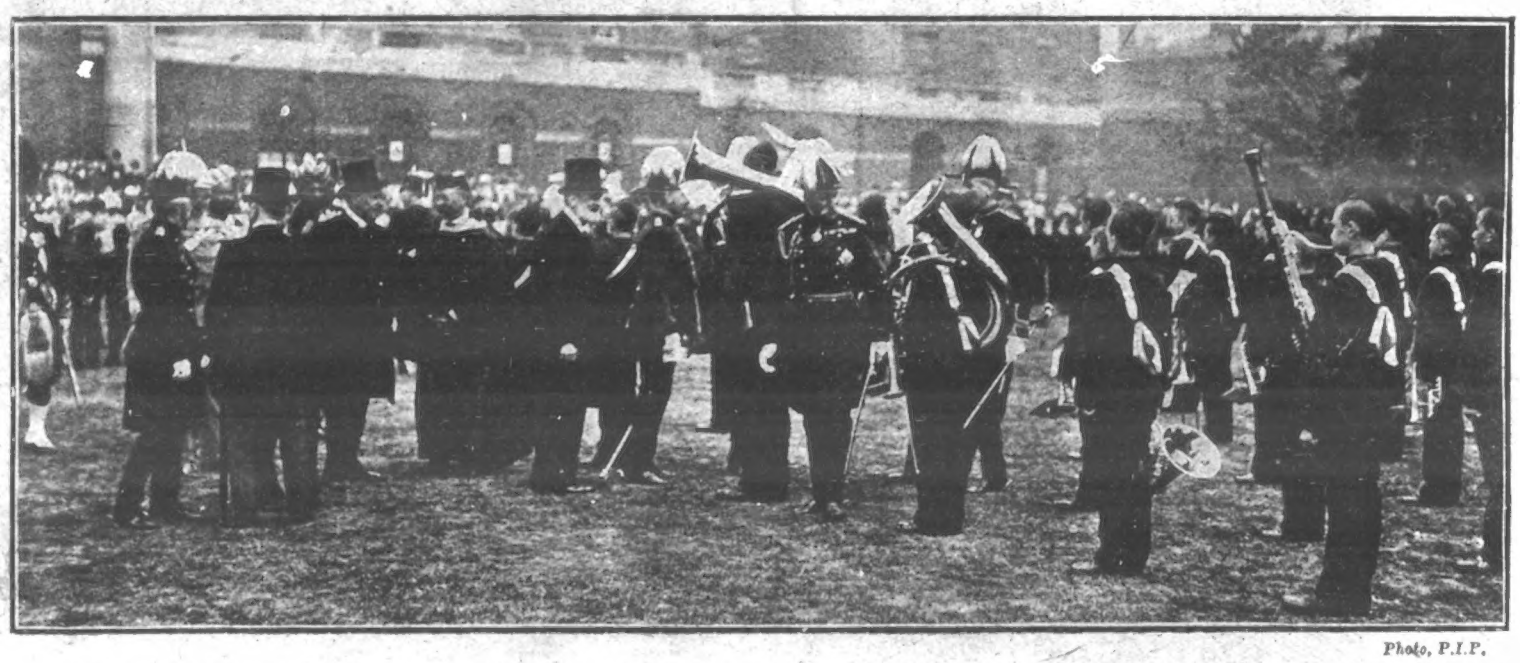
The convicts swarmed around the gates, brandishing their weapons and threatening to kill all the warders unless they handed over their keys. The noise could be heard throughout the town, and thousands of people assembled around the prison.

When the Governor arrived with another detachment of warders he was greeted with execrations and threats. A number of convicts rushed forward to attack the party, and the Governor and warders were forced to flee for their lives.

Meanwhile bands of convicts were roaming through the prison, smashing windows, doors, and furniture. As they could not procure the keys of the outer doors, ten convicts set to work to make a hole in the wall.

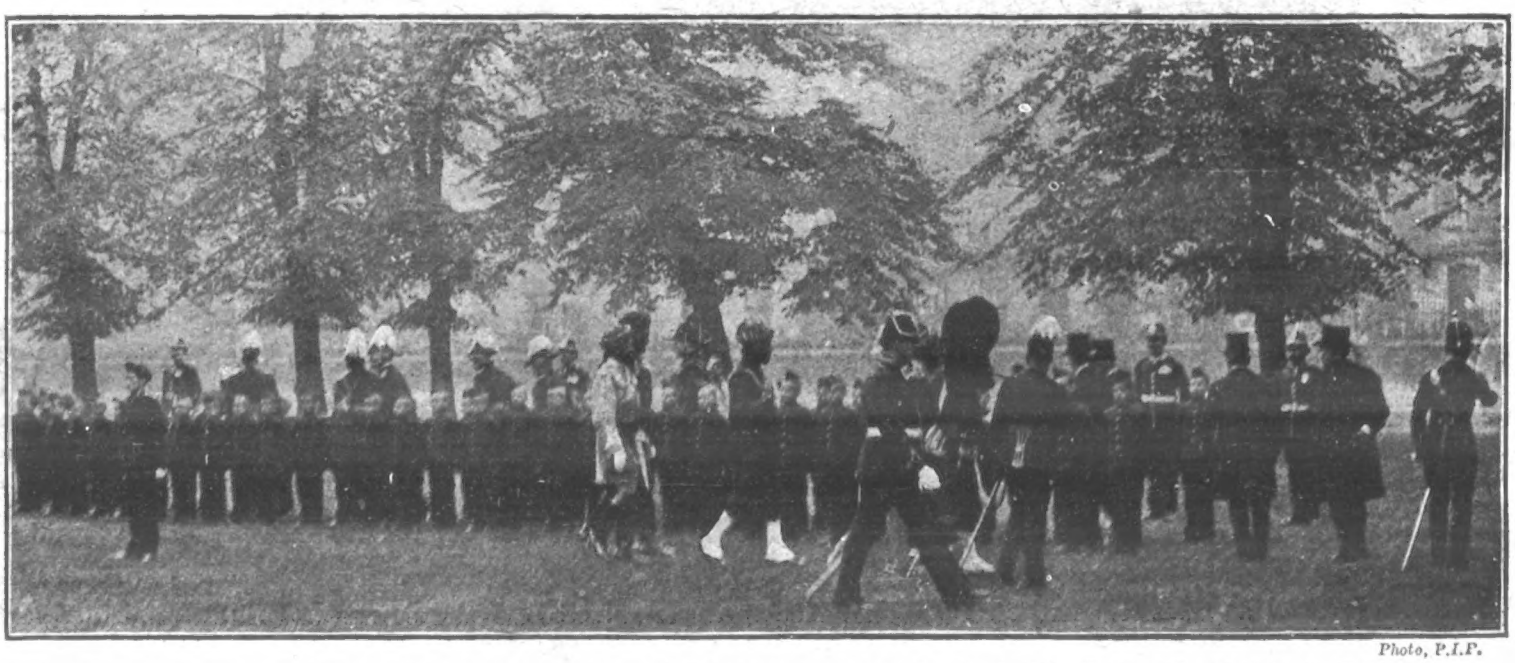
Two companies of infantry, who had been summoned from the barracks, arrived just as the convicts had succeeded in making a breach in the wall. The soldiers threatened to kill every convict in the courtyard unless they immediately laid down their arms.

Of the ten men who escaped through the hole in the wall, seven were speedily recaptured and put in irons. The other convicts were cowed by the rifles of the troops, and, after being disarmed, were marched back to their cells.



Photo, P.I.P.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT CHELSEA: The Duke of Connaught complimenting one of the young bandsmen at the Duke of York's School.



Photo, P.I.P.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT CHELSEA: His Royal Highness inspecting the boys of the Duke of York's School. Behind him are several Indian officers, who were greatly struck by the smartness of the youngsters.

MOTOR-'BUS DISASTER.

A disaster unparalleled in the history of motoring occurred near Crawley, Sussex, last week, when a Vanguard omnibus, carrying thirty-five men and a boy, was wrecked while descending Handcross Hill on the high road between London and Brighton. The brakes failed to act owing to the breaking of the Carden shaft, and the car, beyond control, dashed down the steep hill at the rate of fifty miles an hour and crashed into a tree. Ten persons were killed and twenty-four injured, many of them seriously.

The motor-omnibus engaged for the excursion ordinarily ran between Tufnell Park and Barnes, and was taken off this route specially for the Brighton trip.

The party, which included tradesmen from St. Mary Cray and Orpington, as well as the members of the fire brigade, numbered thirty-four. In addition, there were the driver—a man named Blake—and the conductor Ewens.

When the omnibus left at eight o'clock it held its full complement of passengers. The outside seats, which subsequent events proved to be the most perilous, were all occupied, and the holders were regarded with some envy by those inside the omnibus.

The omnibus left St. Mary Cray and Orpington amid a hurricane of cheers and congratulations from friends of the excursionists. As Mr. Tapping, one of the survivors, put it, "wives and sweethearts were there to give us a hearty send-off."

The vehicle made good time, passing Crawley at a capital speed, and after reaching the village of Handcross, turned into the road leading to the dangerous decline known as Handcross Hill.

Some of the outside passengers sprang to their feet to admire the scene. Others, who had been sitting inside, scrambled up the stairs to breathe the fresh, pure air. The omnibus lumbered on at a fairly rapid pace, and then leaped suddenly on to the brow of the hill. This was the beginning of the disaster.

Gathering impetus as it went, the car fled down the steep incline on its terrible journey. It was literally "full-speed to death," as one of the survivors afterwards described it. Driver Blake paled, but his courage did not desert him. He pressed his feet on one brake and his hand on a second.

But the tension was too great. The Carden shaft broke and fell bodily from the car. It was picked up some time later, fully 200 yards from the scene of the disaster. Parts of the machinery, too, were shattered into fragments, and pieces were afterwards picked up over a stretch of ground extending a considerable distance.

The passengers realised their peril. Those on the outside gripped each other convulsively. The inside passengers rose as if to seek safety in flight, but a moment later realised its impossibility.

The car rushed on, gathering momentum every second. Three men were still standing outside. Half a mile below the summit of the hill the strong bow of an oak tree stretched well over the road. It swept away those three men, and tore off the seats and railings on the top of the car. The men were literally impaled on tree branches—being instantly killed—and the heavy iron frame of the car was hurled into the wood that fringes the road.

The body of the car struck a tree, swerved, made a sharp turn, and rebounded, and then dashed into a bank about a hundred yards away. The machinery was still working, and its throbbing was broken by the agonising cries and groans of the injured.

The first assistance came from the occupants of a motor-car, which was coming to London from Brighton, some seventeen miles away. Realising the serious nature of the accident, they hurried to Handcross for bandages after notifying Dr. Matthews and the Rev. W. R. White, the vicar of Handcross.

Additional medical aid was soon forthcoming. Several doctors and nurses were driven there in motor-cars from Crawley, Ifield, and Brighton. Saws were brought, and the framework of the body of the car was cut up to provide splints and stretchers for the wounded.

The villages of Orpington and St. Mary Cray were stricken with a sense of overpowering calamity when the full extent of the disaster became known.

Strangely enough, the news was first spread through the two adjoining villages by a London newsvendor who travelled down to Orpington with an armful of newspapers.

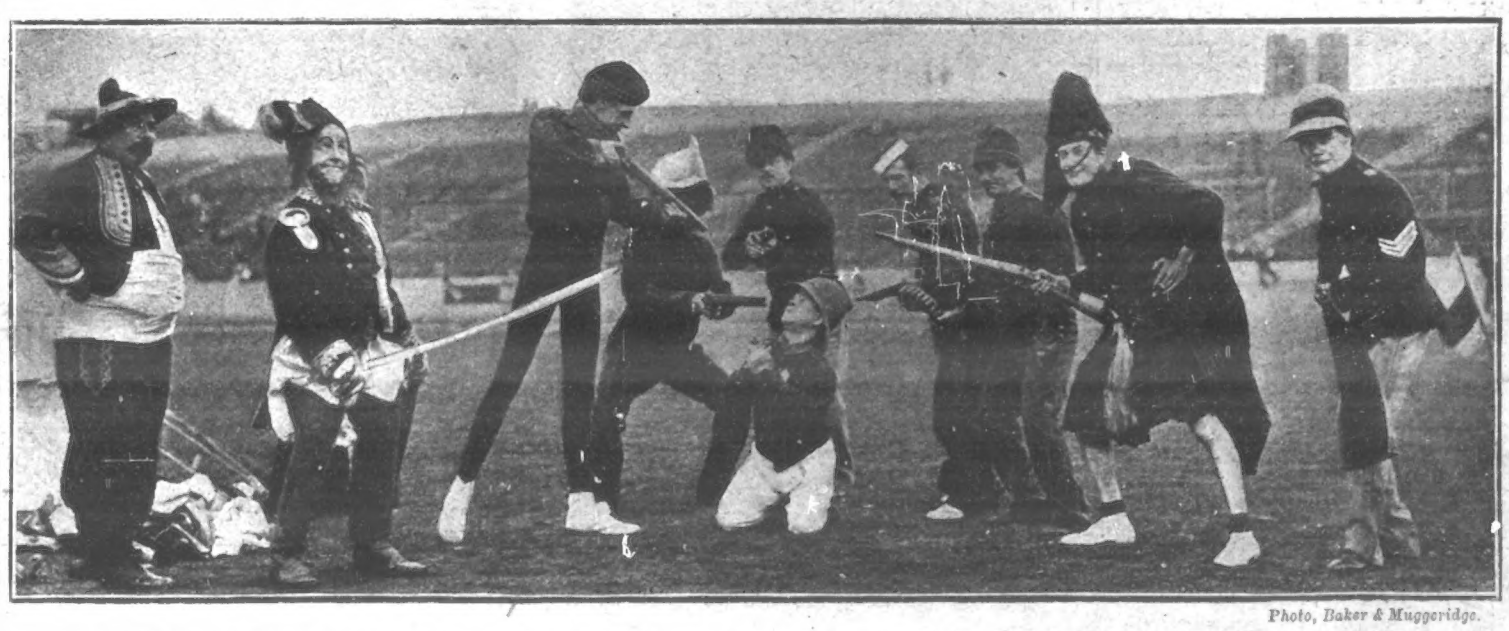
THE VANGUARD MOTOR-'BUS DISASTER.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE MOTOR-OMNIBUS DISASTER: Scene at the Red Lion Hotel, where the dead and injured were taken.

Photo, Halftones, Ltd.

THE MOTOR-OMNIBUS DISASTER: The wrecked 'bus, just after the accident, showing the terrible damage done by the tree into which it ran.



Photo, Baker & Muggeridge.

THE MUSIC HALL SPORTS: The seventeenth annual meeting in aid of the Music Hall Benevolent Fund was held last week at Stamford Bridge Grounds. There was an extensive and well varied programme, which, in many instances, furnished exciting racing and remarkably close finishes. Our photo shows one of the lighter events of the day: little Zola in trouble in the burlesque Spanish bull-fight.

Outrage by Pirates.

The Rev. Dr. Macdonald, a prominent missionary, was murdered by pirates who attacked the British steamer *Sainam* in the West River between Canton and Wuchow on Friday evening. Captain Josling, the commander of the vessel, was seriously wounded, as well as seven other persons aboard.

The piratical junks bore down on the *Sainam* and opened fire. So swift was the attack that, before the crew had realised what had happened, the pirates had boarded the vessel.

Captain Josling was one of the first wounded. He was shot in the stomach and fell to the deck. Dr. Macdonald at once ran to his assistance, and while he was attending to the captain's wounds, the pirate leader placed a pistol to his head and blew his brains out.

The crew were quickly overpowered, and the pirates, after ransacking the ship, escaped to their junks with £200 in booty.

When the *Sainam* reached Hong Kong Captain Josling was taken to the hospital and the bullet extracted.

The British gunboat *Moorhen* has left for the scene of the outrage with the British Consul on board. Chinese soldiers have been sent on a torpedo boat in pursuit of the pirates.

Legion of Frontiersmen.

"I feel, like Mr. Haldane, that if the Army must be reduced, the British nation can be trusted. There are others ready to defend the Empire as well as those who are under the King's pay."

The speaker was Lord Lonsdale, and the scene the grassy pastoral stage of the Royal Botanic Gardens, which were brilliantly illuminated last week for the grand fête in aid of the organisation fund of the Legion of Frontiersmen, of which Lord Lonsdale is president.

Forty of the London command of the legion had just given a realistic presentation of a bivouac, with camp songs and yarns, and a call to arms.

The spectacle in the usually peaceful gardens was a strange one. Bold frontiersmen clad in rough shirts and riding breeches, and gaitered and spurred, with slouch hats, revolvers, cartridge-belts, and yellow neckerchiefs, strode about the grounds. Among them were cowboys from Texas and the Argentine, hunters from the wild North-West, scouts from South Africa—men, in fact, who have roughed it all over the world.

Forty frontiersmen were engaged in the peaceful pursuit of taking or selling tickets, assisted by another much more formidable legion of beautiful damsels.

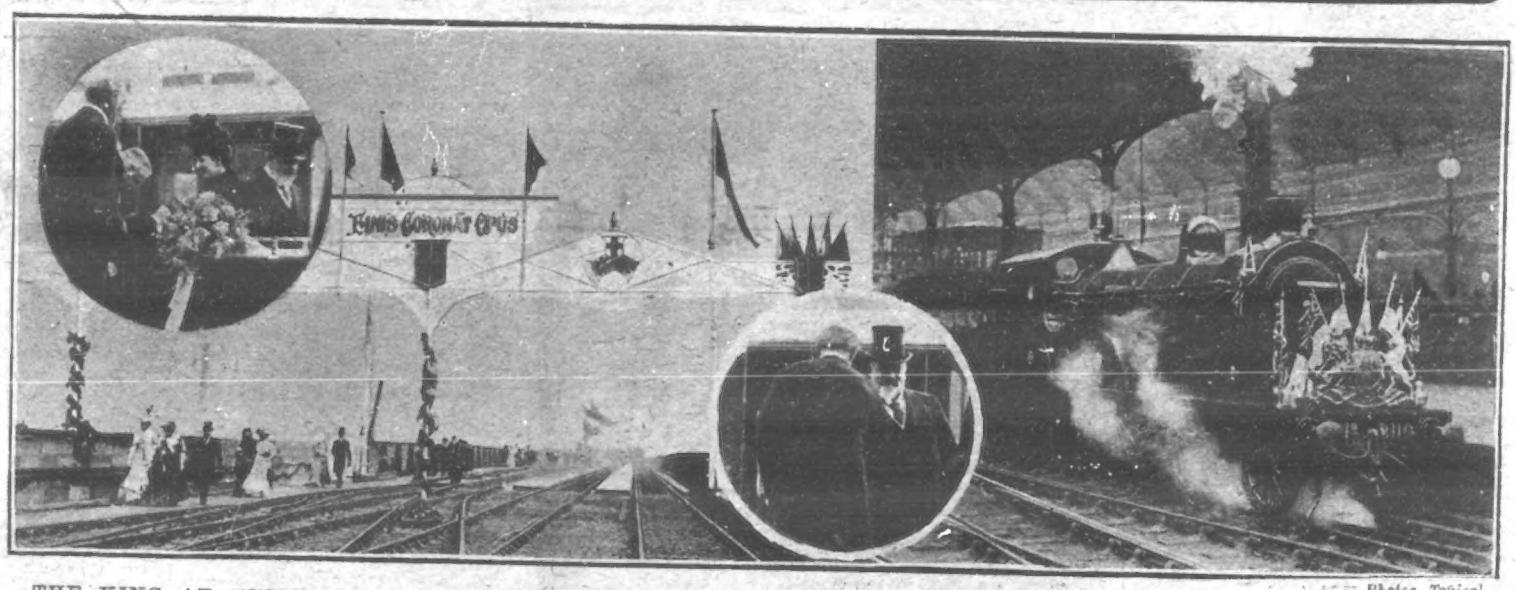
There was a wonderful variety of entertainments provided for the great crowds which gathered in the gardens. Open-air concerts, a one-act play by Mr. Alfred Sutro, a pastoral presentation of "Midsummer Night's Dream," a display of jiu-jitsu, and, most interesting of all, the bivouac of the frontiersmen were the chief items.

Among the many artists who lent their aid were Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Nancy Price, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Charles Bertram, and Mr. Albert Chevalier.

Holiday Hints.

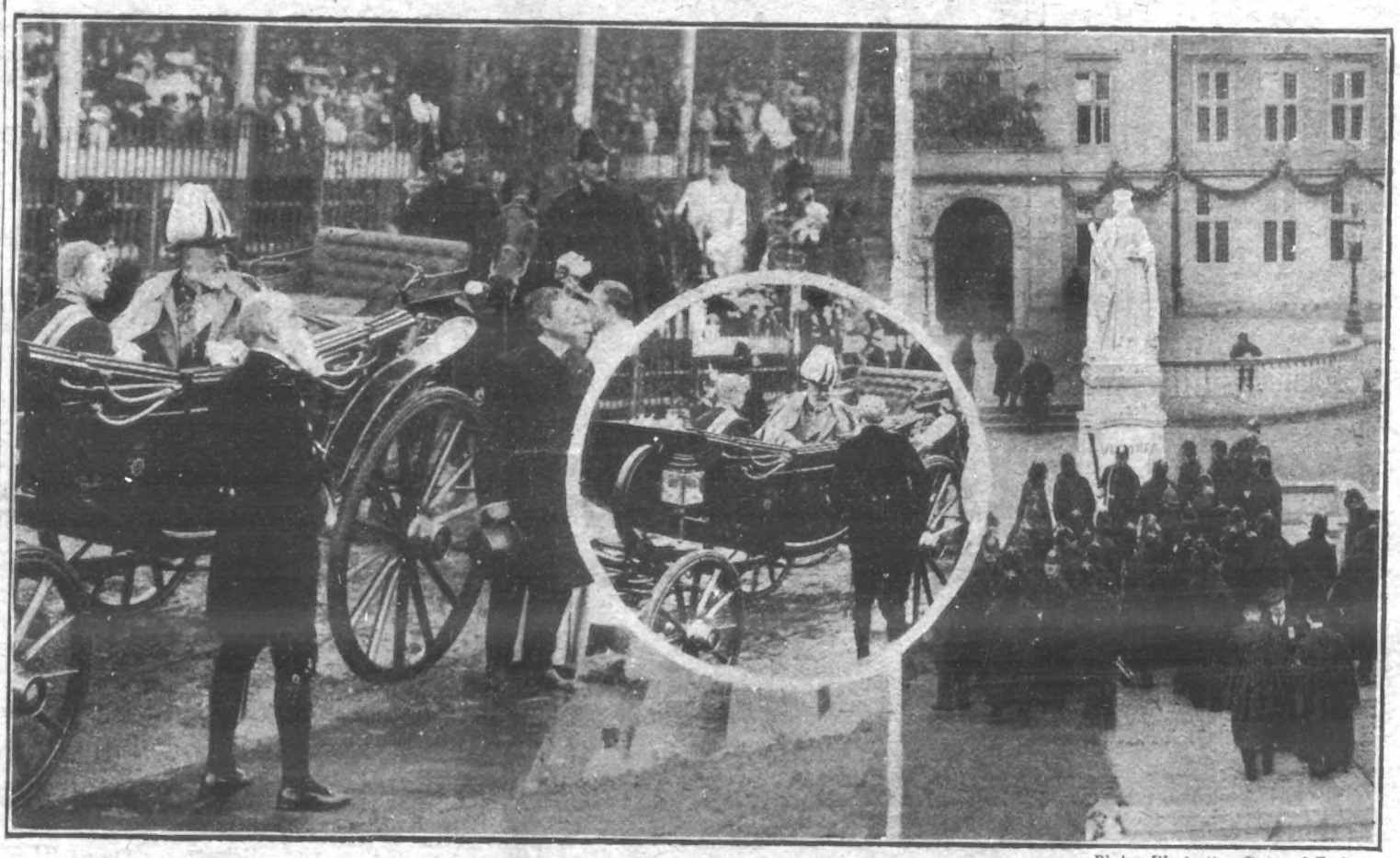
Lovers of the picturesque and bracing Norfolk coast line will appreciate the facilities now provided for the first time by the Great Eastern Railway, which, by means of a new track to Sheringham, have made marked improvement in their East Coast services from Liverpool Street Station. Sheringham is a perfect place of rest for the tired worker. It is not too small to be dull, has first-class golf links, a pretty sea front with good sands, affording excellent bathing, and an almost perfect combination of seaside and country is offered the holiday-maker. As a centre for inland and other excursions, Sheringham is well situated, its nearness to its larger neighbour, Cromer, and to Mundesley, and that delightful stretch of "Poppyland," Trimingham and Overstrand, being all strong points in its favour as an ideal holiday resort. The Great Eastern Railway are now running special through trains from the North and Midlands in connection with the East Coast services, full particulars of which can be had on application. To those who desire to learn of the charms of the East Coast served by the Great Eastern Railway, "Summer Holidays," by Mr. Percy Lindley, will be found most complete and useful in compiling one's facts and figures for the prospective outing. Mr. R. P. Ellis, superintendent of the line, Liverpool Street, will send holiday literature free to readers.

THE KING'S VISIT TO NEWCASTLE.



Photos, Topical.

THE KING AT NEWCASTLE: 1. The guests arriving at the new bridge. 2. The Royal train steaming out of Newcastle Station. Inset are photos of the King and Queen arriving to open the bridge.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau & Topical.

THE KING AT NEWCASTLE: 1. The King unveiling the statue of Queen Victoria at Newcastle. By the hind wheel of the carriage is standing Mr. G. Frampton, the sculptor. 2. The statue after the unveiling. Inset is a photo of the King arriving for the ceremony.

Photo Bassano.

THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS: Regent's Park was the scene of the "Bivouac" of the Legion of Frontiersmen on Tuesday evening, when supper, song, story and slumber, the alarm, saddle, and off were all faithfully portrayed by members of the Legion in the picturesque frontiersmen garb. The Earl of Lonsdale is to be chairman of the general council. During the evening bands played in different parts of the gardens, and there was a pastoral performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Army, Navy, mounted police, engineers, explorers, and hunters are all represented in the legion.

Narrow Escapes at Bisley.

A tragedy was narrowly averted on the ranges at Bisley on Saturday morning.

When the shooting for the *Daily Graphic* prizes at 500 yards was about to begin three riflemen strolled calmly from the 200 yards range across the heath, in ignorance of the fact that they were directly in front of the firing line.

There was great excitement for a moment. The policemen keeping the lines blew their whistles and frantically waved their arms, while competitors and spectators, who saw with horror the danger of the three men, raised a loud shout.

Fortunately they were warned in time, and ran back to safe quarters just as the first shots rang out. They were at once deprived of their tickets, and will not be allowed to take any further part in the meeting.

The shooting was of a high class in all the competitions, and "highest possibles" were very plentiful. Among the well-known shots who accomplished the performance was Sergt.-Major Wallingford, who is also responsible for the remarkable feat of scoring 243 points out of a possible 252 with a Colt new service target revolver at a distance of fifty yards.

It was a very busy day on Saturday. Two or three newspaper competitions and the Stock Exchange event were shot off, and as each of them carries a considerable number of money prizes, there were an enormous number of entries. For the *Daily Graphic* prizes, 1,158 marksmen competed, and the Stock Exchange attracted nearly one hundred more.

Better weather could hardly have been desired. The sky was cloudless, and the great heat was tempered by a breeze which was not strong enough to interfere seriously with the shooting.

On the ranges the chief points of attraction for spectators who had no friends competing were the Sikhs and Mrs. Chapman, the Empire rifle-woman. The latter had entered only for the Stock Exchange, which entailed seven shots at each of the distances of 200, 500, and 600 yards.

At 500 yards Mrs. Chapman led off with four successive bulls, but her next shot only produced an "outer." This was accounted for by a sudden lull in the wind at the very instant she pulled the trigger, her sighting, therefore, being wrong. She finished with an "inner" and another bull, which gave her a total of 31 out of a possible 35. At 200 yards Mrs. Chapman scored 26, and at 600 yards 25.

Mrs. Chapman took her comparative failure philosophically. "I have come down to-day," she remarked to some friends with a smile. Her small scores at two of the ranges were certainly not due to any nervousness on her part. When taking aim with the heavy service rifle her hand was quite firm and steady. Misjudgment of the weather conditions was accountable for her "mis-hits."

Great things were expected of the Sikhs, as it was thought that the atmospheric conditions would be entirely suitable to them. They did well on the whole, but they were not able to keep pace with the veteran Bisleyites and the other native riflemen.

Sergeant Jewala Singh, however, only missed the "highest possible" by one point in the *Graphic* at 500 yards, and Sergeant Herdit Singh scored 33 in the same event. These were the only two to take any prominent place in the list.

Racing in Argentina.

Diamond Jubilee, until lately the property of His Majesty the King, left Sandringham last week for shipment per R.M.S.P. Nile, sailing from Southampton on the 13th instant for Buenos Ayres. Several valuable horses, including Val d'Or, Pietermaritzburg, and Jardy, have of late been purchased for studs in Argentina.

Our Readers Should Write.

We have received one of the pretty tortoiseshell soap-boxes, which are being distributed by the Pynozone Company, Castle Road, Kentish Town, London, by way of introducing "Pynozone Soap" to the public. Any of our readers who would like one of these gift boxes can secure one by mentioning this paper and enclosing a sixpenny postal order for a sixpenny tablet of "Pynozone Soap." The soap will then be sent post free, enclosed in the dainty soap-box referred to above, and this will be found both useful and ornamental.

SOME INCIDENTS OF BISLEY WEEK.

Photo, I.I.P.

BISLEY: The Public Schools Competition for the Ashburton Shield, which was won by Dover College after a keen contest.

Photo, P.I.P.

BISLEY—EXTREMES MEET: Two of the competitors from the Malay States talking to one of the Canadian team.

Photo P.I.P.

BISLEY: The Sikhs firing for the Mackinnon Cup, which was, however, won by Scotland; the Indian soldiers being fourth.

Photo, P.I.P.

BISLEY: Dover College, winners of the Ashburton Shield. They scored 466, beating Winchester College by one point

Fortune Made in Diamonds.

Mr. Alfred Beit, the great South African financier, and one of the richest men in the world, died at his country house, Tewin Water, Herts, on Monday morning. He was a naturalised Englishman.

For six or seven weeks past he had been in ill-health, and for some time had been recuperating at Wiesbaden. He only returned to London on Wednesday. The long journey had an unfavourable effect on him.

During the week-end his condition became serious, and although he rallied slightly on Sunday, his strength gave way again during the night, and he died at five o'clock on Monday morning.

With the late Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Alfred Beit shared the chief responsibility for the making of modern South Africa. Rhodes was an Empire-dreamer, Mr. Beit was the financial genius who made possible the realisation of the dreams.

Curiously enough, both men were born in the same year, 1853. Mr. Beit was born in Hamburg, and was the son of a well-to-do shipping merchant of that city. Thirty-five years ago the first diamond was discovered in Kimberley, and the shipping firm in Hamburg was among the first to feel the boom which followed.

Mr. Beit, then a clerk in his father's office, was sent by his father on a mission to the new diamond centre with instructions to discover all he could about the new industry, and to find out how best the Hamburg firm's interests could be served in connection with it.

Landing in South Africa, the young German journeyed north to Kimberley—400 miles in a cart which was then the only means of transportation—and his arrival there laid the first stone in the building of the great fortune which he has left behind, variously estimated at from £20,000,000 to £25,000,000.

A few years ago when the shares of South African mines stood at their highest figure it was currently reported that Mr. Beit's interest in them must be worth at least £100,000,000.

When he arrived in Kimberley, the diamond fever was at its height. Miners from all parts of the world, deserting for a time their gold-seeking, had thronged to the Eldorado of precious gems.

Mr. Beit forgot his mission, forgot everything but the desire to take part in the new industry, to organise it, and place it on a commercial basis. He had not arrived in South Africa with only the proverbial shilling in his pocket, and the few thousand pounds he had brought with him were promptly invested in the diamond fields.

He was only twenty-two years of age, but soon he became indispensable. He founded the firm of Wernher, Beit, and Co., and set to work to buy up all the scattered claims he could obtain. Thirteen years later he had control of the mines, and with the aid of Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Barney Barnato he carried through the great consolidation of the diamond mines which is represented by the De Beers Company of to-day, with its capitalisation of over £10,000,000, and its enormous yearly dividends, which have paid back the original investments many times over.

With all his wealth Mr. Beit was of simple habits, and had none of the qualities of the assertive plutocrat. In appearance he was short of stature, with features which unmistakably revealed his German parentage. He was unmarried, and it is on record that Mr. Rhodes once summed up his character in the words: "All Beit wants is £1,000 a year for his mother."

A Fortune for a Drink.

The one great obstacle with which temperance reformers have for many years past had to contend has been the fact that the palate of the abstainer has not been adequately catered for. Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Limited, in the "Cambridge Lemonade," have produced a beverage which for delicacy of flavour, purity of composition, and refreshing qualities, has already attained a pre-eminent position amongst the world's non-intoxicating drinks. Made from selected lemons grown upon the "sunny slopes of smiling Sicily," it is manufactured by the latest scientific process without addition of any added acid. We note that quite recently Dr. Andrew Wilson declared Cambridge lemonade to be "amongst the necessities of a household as a wholesome beverage for general use," and added "it cannot be surpassed."

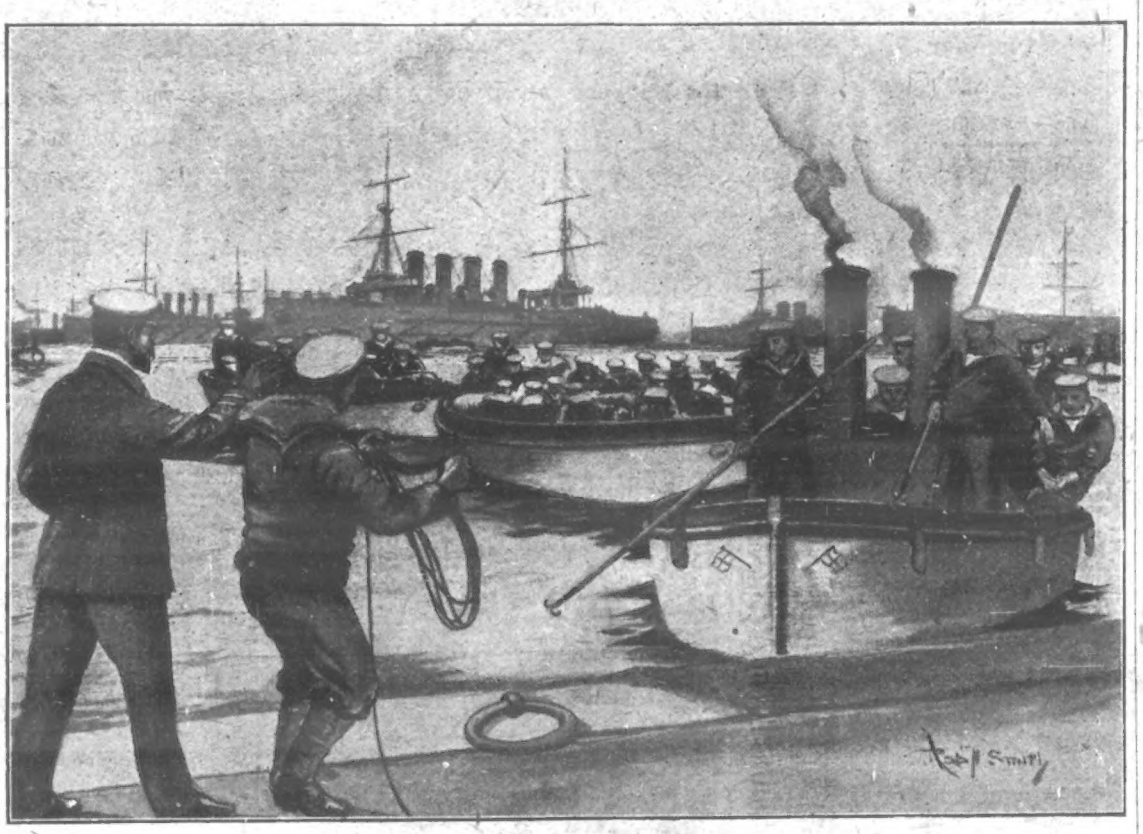
THE POPLAR WORK-HOUSE ENQUIRY.

Photos, Park.

THE POPLAR WORKHOUSE ENQUIRY: 1. The chaplain of the workhouse talking to one of the witnesses. 2. Mr. Corrie Grant, who is fighting the case on behalf of the guardians. 3. Mr. Gibbs, who gave evidence about the meat contracts.

Photos, Park.

THE POPLAR WORKHOUSE ENQUIRY: Mr. Maddeley the ex-workhouse master. 2. Mr. Will Crooks going to the enquiry with Mr. Lansbury. 3. Mr. Greaves, a former contractor, who gave sensational evidence.



AFTER THE MANŒUVRES: LIBERTY MEN GOING ON LEAVE.—Last week all the Naval ports, such as Portsmouth, Chatham, Plymouth, Devonport, &c., were showing unusual activity, with Bluejackets moving about looking particularly pleased and happy. Now that the Grand Manœuvres are over the vessels of the Red and Blue Fleets have all come back, and the crews are being paid off and liberty men sent ashore. Some of these vessels are due to leave for foreign stations, having been kept back for the manœuvres, and in these cases "foreign service leave" is being given, which amounts as a rule to one month, being as much again as "general leave." In the majority of cases, however, the men are due back in a fortnight.

Private Letters to Judges.

The Lord Chief Justice has been condemning the growing habit with litigants and witnesses of communicating privately with the judge; yet there must, it seems to a layman, be occasions when justice can only be done by the adoption of such a course. One recalls the great Pearl case. One Society lady, whom we may call Mrs. A., declared that her young friend, Miss B, had stolen her priceless pearls. Miss B sued for slander, and Sir Charles Russell conducted her case so magnificently that everyone was expecting tremendous damages, when a certain West-End tradesman, who had changed a large sum of banknotes into gold for Miss B, under circumstances which seemed to shed a glaring light on the case, wrote to the judge. The letter was handed in court to Sir Charles Russell, who saw that his client's guilt was made so apparent that he had to throw up the case.—*London Opinion.*

Daylight Excursions to Scotland.

Commencing on July 28th, a special third-class express excursion will be run on Saturdays from London to Glasgow and Edinburgh by the Midland route, leaving St. Pancras at 11 a.m. Tickets, available for eight or sixteen days, will be issued by this train, to which a third-class dining-car will be attached. The train will be composed of corridor carriages of the modern Midland type, with lavatories, etc., so that travellers to Scotland by this route will be conveyed with the maximum of comfort.

Marriages Suspended.

Interesting evidence relating to the migration into towns was given on Monday by Mr. Wilson Fox, of the Board of Trade, to the Parliamentary Committee on the Housing of the Working Classes.

"Bad and insufficient housing accommodation is one of the main reasons for the migration of people from country districts to the towns," he said.

"One letter I received from Bedfordshire states that if there were more cottages young men would marry and stay in the villages. At present engaged couples cannot marry because they cannot get cottages.

"A prominent public man in Somersetshire wrote that the cottage accommodation was very bad. This made wives discontented, and the men often move to the towns to keep the women quiet."

Mr. Fox took the view that a man who was forced to leave the countryside against his will was not likely to do well in a town.

At present, however, a local authority in a rural district could not build cottages without a loss falling on the rates. He suggested that the Government should earmark a sum of money which could be lent at a very low rate of interest for housing in rural areas.

Poachers Chased by Motorist.

How a motor-car figured in a chase after four men, alleged to be poachers, was described by a policeman at Lutterworth (Leicestershire) Police Court last week.

Early on Sunday morning Constable Hison heard the report of firearms, and proceeding in the direction from which the sounds came, he discovered four men engaged in poaching.

Seeing that they had bicycles with them, the officer went in search of assistance. Mr. J. L. Crosse, the owner of the land, brought out his motor-car, and other men joined in the chase on foot.

Those on foot came up with the alleged poachers in a field, and a struggle ensued, the poachers using sticks with such effect that they were able to make their escape on their bicycles. A few minutes later Mr. Crosse and the policeman arrived in the motor-car, and learning what had occurred went in pursuit of the men.

They overtook them near the village of Swinford, but the poachers, finding themselves "cornered," jumped off their machines and made for the hedge by the roadside. One of the men in dismounting was knocked down by the motor-car, and before he could recover himself the policeman secured him.

The other three men, it is alleged, raised their guns and threatened to fire, and their attitude was so menacing that Mr. Crosse deemed it advisable to procure further assistance.

The three men got away, but the one captured, Stephen Haddon, was brought before the magistrates and remanded.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Rich as last week was in important fixtures, it is only natural that many remarkable performances were accomplished. But the most remarkable of them all was far from being expected. I refer, of course, to Fielder's wonderful feat in taking all ten wickets in the Gentlemen's first innings against the Players, at Lord's. It is the most important match—unless an Australian team is over here—of the year, and Fielder will probably not find his record equalled for many a long year.

Fielder is one of those easy, natural bowlers, who make the ball go with the arm, and, in the majority of cases, cause the batsmen to get themselves out. Without, possibly, intending anything of the kind, he caused some of the batsmen on the Gentlemen's side to touch a rising ball, and, as a consequence, they were caught behind the wicket or in the slips. It really looked at times as though the batsmen tried to get out of the way of the ball, and that its rapid rise from the pitch made them fail in their object. It is the first occasion on which all ten wickets have been taken in the Gentlemen *v.* Players' match.

Despite Fielder, the Players were well beaten at the finish, and the victory of the amateurs by forty-five runs, would have been largely increased but for some slovenly fielding on the last day. It was in many ways a singular match. Each side partly failed at their first attempt, the Gentlemen only scoring 167, and the Players 199. In the second innings the amateurs scored 321, and the professionals 244, a fine game ending as stated. The interest was well sustained throughout the three days, and 27,976 people paid for admission.

There are some people who are apt to class the Eton *v.* Harrow match solely as a social function, and they are wrong. Of course the social side is largely in evidence, but it would be absurd to assume that a great number of people do not go to Lord's to see the cricket. While fond mothers and aunts, sisters and cousins are promenading, oblivious of what is going on in the great arena at St. John's Wood, there are thousands of earnest watchers of the young men, who will in a year or so play at Lord's for either Oxford or Cambridge, and a little later assist their counties in championship matches.

No centuries were made, but there were several innings of great promise. For Harrow, R. E. Eiloart, E. H. Crake, and M. Falcon showed excellent form with the bat, and for Eton P. Pearson Gregory only missed the century by ten runs. E. L. Gibson and C. A. Gold also distinguished themselves. Harrow made a plucky fight, but at the finish they were beaten by four wickets.

Surrey and Essex met at Leyton, but the Oval team always had the result in their keeping, unless one of those exceptional developments occurred which go to make cricket the great interesting game it is. Surrey put up a first innings of 342, and Essex could only respond with 145, of which number W. M. Turner accounted for no less than seventy-five. In their second innings Surrey made 300, and Essex were set to get 498 runs to win. They never looked like getting them, and were beaten by 268 runs.

Yorkshire gained a clever victory over Sussex at Brighton, and the champions will not be beaten for possession of their honours without a struggle. This is as it should be. They are too good an all-round side to go under without general regret, and they have the most extraordinary knack of getting out of trouble. Two or three times this season they have got out of a tight corner in wonderful fashion, and though as a team they do not possess the levelness of excellence of some years, one or other of the players generally jumps into the breach and saves an awkward situation.

George Hirst, more than any other man on the side, deserves special recognition. Against Sussex he played a splendid innings of 122 when matters were going none to well. Killick made a great effort for Sussex and, without making a faulty stroke, contributed 114 in the southern county's second innings. H. L. Simms assisted with forty-five, but beyond these two the Sussex batting was very poor, and Yorkshire were left with a comfortable win by six wickets.

Near and dear neighbours, the Worcestershire *v.* Somersetshire is always bound to excite keen interest as well as healthy rivalry. They met at Worcester last week-end, but largely owing to a blank day on the Friday, caused by rain, the match was not finished. Somerset scored 397 at their first attempt, and Worcestershire made 240 and 269 for eight wickets. Len Braund distinguished himself by performing the hat trick, getting rid of Cuffe, Wheldon, and Burrows with successive deliveries.

Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES, WARWICK: 1, Byrne; 2, W. G. Quaife; 3, Kinnier.

Photo, P.I.P.

THE MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK: The Hon. W. F. D. Smith driving off.

Photo, P.I.P.

Bisley: A champion lady shot, Mrs. Way.

ATHLETICS.

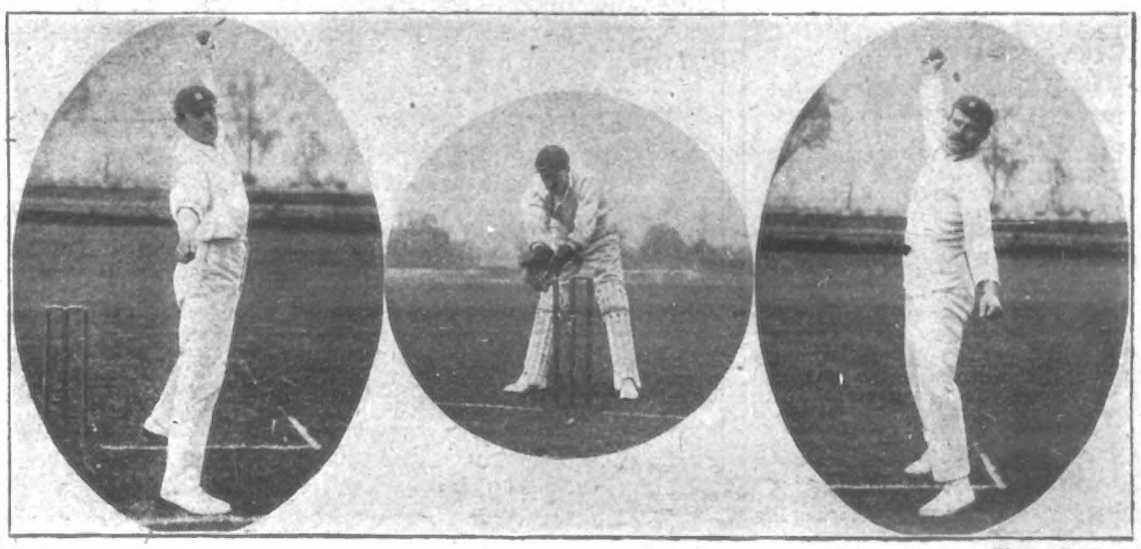
Yet another *entente* athletic meeting; this time between the Polytechnic Harriers and that sporting organisation, the Stade Français. The Frenchmen for once proved the superior party, and no one who has watched their efforts to perfect themselves in all manly pastimes, will grudge them their success. The meeting took place on the Polytechnic ground at Chiswick, and consisted of seven events, the visitors winning by five events to two. Except that L. F. Tremeer was absent from the home ranks, both teams were strongly represented.

The Frenchmen were successful in the 100 yards, won by Emile Lesieur in 10 3-5sec.; the 120 yards hurdles secured by M. Choisel in 16 4-5sec.; Emile Lesieur won the quarter in 52sec.; the mile went to C. Poulenard in 4min. 34 3-5sec.; and the three miles went to E. Rax, in 15min. 23 4-5sec. In addition, M. Hervoche won the 100 yards handicap in 9 4-5sec., but he had the big start of 11yds. The successes of the Englishmen were secured in the jumps, O. Groenings securing both. He won the "high" with 5ft. 10in., and the "long" with 21ft. 9½in., both very fine performances.

At the Sports of the Federation of Workmen's Clubs at the Crystal Palace, no less than six tricycle records were broken. L. Drake, of the North Surrey Cycling Club, first attacked the quarter of a mile standing start record of 33 1-5sec., and equalled it. Continuing he made new figures for half a mile (64sec.), three-quarters of a mile (1min. 37sec.), and one mile (2min. 8 4-5sec.). Afterwards he covered a quarter of a mile (flying start) in 29 4-5sec., half mile in 64 4-5sec., and three-quarters of a mile in 1min. 34 3-5sec. Truly an afternoon's work good enough to satisfy anybody.

At Belfast last Saturday, Ireland and Scotland met in a series of eleven athletic events, and the representatives of the thistle beat their opponents of the Emerald Isle by seven events to four. The Irishmen secured the half-mile in 2min. 0 1-5sec., through J. Fairburn-Crawford, the mile saw G. N. Murphy (Ireland) beat J. McGough (Scotland) on the post in 4min. 33 1-5sec., and the two jumps went to the wearers of the shamrock, C. M. Leahy winning the "high" with 6ft., and P. O'Connor the "long" by clearing 22ft. 7½in.

The 100 yards was won by J. P. Stark in 10 1-5sec., while W. Halswell took the 220 yards and 440 yards races, doing 23 1-5sec. at the furlong, and 50 2-5sec. in the quarter. The latter is the best time yet made in Ireland. Of course, R. S. Stronach won the hurdles, and he "lepped" the course in 16sec. dead. Other successes credited to the Scotsmen were in the four miles, won by S. Stevenson; putting the weight, in which T. Kirkwood hurled the missile 45ft. 7in.; and throwing the hammer, T. B. Nicholson being credited with 157ft. 5in.



Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES, WARWICK: 1, Hargrave; 2, Lilley; 3, Moorhouse.

Two Exciting Incidents from the Week's News.

HIGHWAYMAN HOLDS UP FIVE COACHES.

A highwayman in the Yosemite Valley, California, last week held up five coaches and robbed seventy-five passengers, including three travellers from London. He was afterwards arrested. See paragraph on this page.

POACHERS CHASED BY A MOTORIST.

A motorist lent valuable assistance to the police last week in chasing four poachers who were provided with bicycles. After an exciting race over the country roads, one of the men was arrested. A full account of the incident appears on page 38.

Highwayman Holds Up Five Coaches.

An unknown highwayman who was arrested near Wawona, in the Yosemite Valley of California, last week, performed the unprecedented feat of robbing five tourist stage coaches in rapid succession. The coaches contained seventy-five people.

This excels the best record made by western brigands in the days of the "overland" mail route.

The highwayman, who wore a black mask over his face, a long linen "duster" over his clothes, and jute sacks on his feet in order to avoid making tell-tale footprints, stationed himself at a curve in the road six miles from Wawona.

Five coaches were coming up the road, keeping a quarter of a mile apart in order to avoid the dust raised by the passage of the coach ahead.

As the first coach rounded the curve, the highwayman stepped into the road, rifle in hand, and shouted to the driver to "pull up."

The driver pulled up with celerity, whereupon the modern Claude Duval ordered the passengers to dismount and stand in line. He asked a young girl to search her fellow-passengers.

When the girl tremblingly attempted to obey, the highwayman laughed, and said: "You're a poor bandit!" ordering a man to complete the work. The latter passed his hat along the line, under the close scrutiny of the highwayman, and each passenger in turn dropped his or her money, jewellery, and watches into the hat.

The ordeal was over in three minutes, and the coach was ordered to proceed. Then the robber awaited the arrival of the second coach, which contained forty passengers, including a gentleman, named Phillips, of London, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Phillips fainted when the highwayman ordered the passengers to "line up," and the robber laughed as he searched her, securing £48 in cash and some jewellery.

One indignant New England school teacher, who was "doing" the Yosemite Valley, hurled a tiny purse in the bandit's face, crying, "There now!" so ferociously that he laughed again.

The three coaches following were searched in the same way. Each driver was forced to leave his express safe behind. The highwayman afterwards shot the locks off and rifled the safes.

Nothing is known of the captured brigand. He is apparently a stranger in the Yosemite Valley, which is just now overrun with tourists.

Hooligan Shot Dead in a Shop.

John McAndrew, the head of a gang of hooligans, was shot dead in a shop in Glasgow on Saturday night.

McAndrew, who was twenty-four years old, prided himself as the leader of a band of hooligans known as "The Village Boys," who for months past have created something akin to terror in the southern district of the city.

One of the victims of their lawlessness was an Italian named Joseph Ventura, who keeps an ice-cream shop in Bedford Street.

In March last McAndrew broke into Ventura's premises, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He then threatened to have his revenge.

About eleven o'clock on Saturday night McAndrew, who was recently released from gaol, entered Ventura's shop in company with another youth.

As soon as Ventura saw them he became alarmed. He went into a back room, and returned with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, which he pointed at McAndrew.

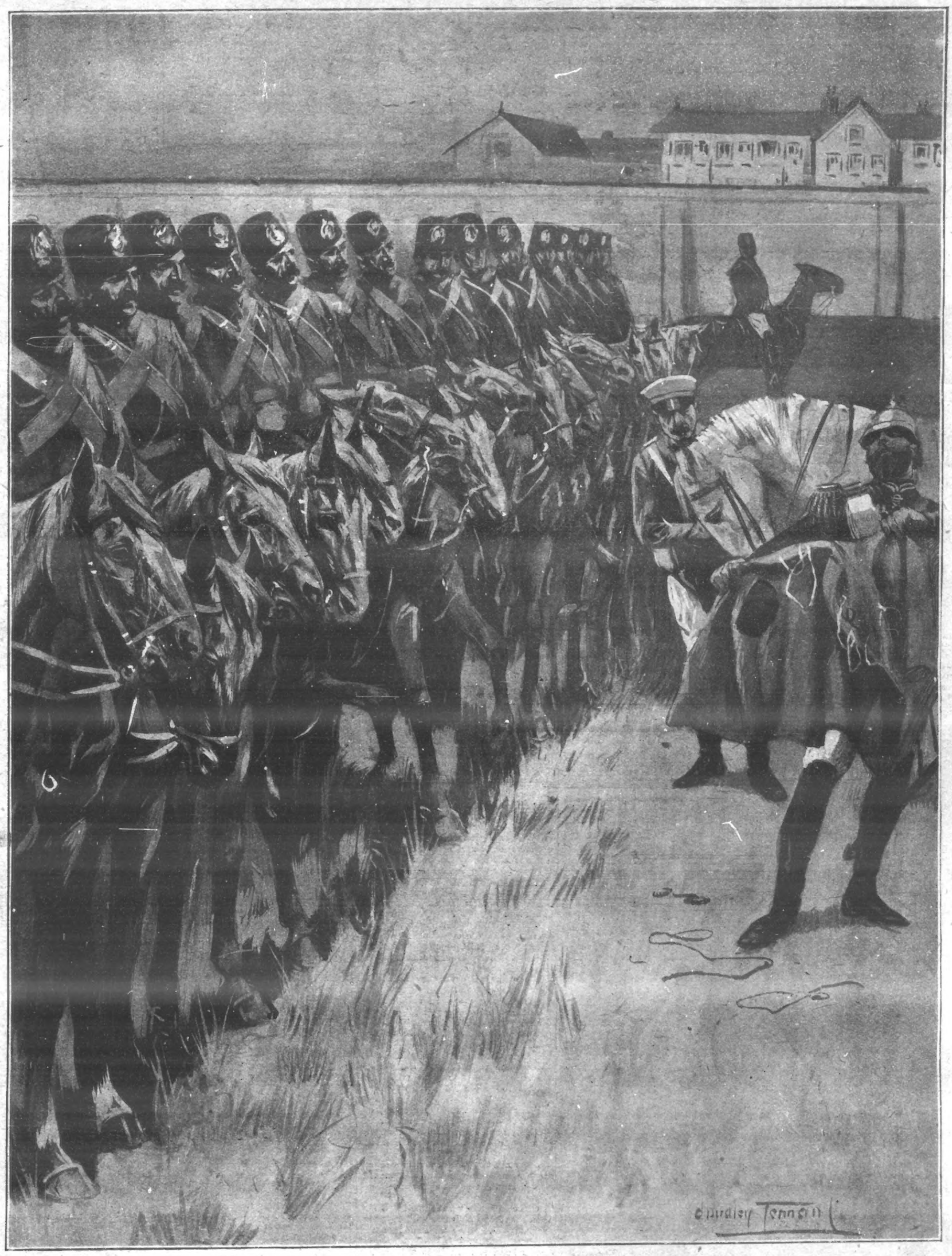
"Use your own country's weapon," McAndrew exclaimed tauntingly.

Ventura thereupon pulled the trigger, and McAndrew fell dead.

The Italian, who was arrested soon afterwards, declared that McAndrew had threatened him since coming out of prison, and that he lived in terror of the gang.

Cycling Royalty.

Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth Ltd. inform us that they have just had the honour of supplying a juvenile machine for the use of Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of Wales. This makes the third of the Prince of Wales's children to become a Rudge-Whitworth rider, her two brothers, Their Royal Highnesses Princes Edward and Albert, having owned machines of this make for some time past. It will be remembered that His Majesty usually presents Prince Edward with one as a birthday present.



THE TSAR'S FIT OF TEMPER.

Recently the Preobrajensky Regiment mutinied, much to the grief and anger of the Tsar. According to a St. Petersburg telegram he had the men paraded, lectured them severely, and before their eyes angrily tore up his uniform as honorary colonel-in-chief of the regiment. The Preobrajensky Regiment is the first Regiment of the Guard, and was founded by Peter the Great. It rendered distinguished service in the time of Catherine the Second. The officers belong to the best families in Russia. Thus the Tsar's action has caused a great sensation in Russia.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Mode of the Moment.

The mode of the moment in millinery is manifold and varied. Very small and equally large shapes are worn, but for those who prefer a happy medium there are also plenty to choose from. The French sailor still continues popular; it is too universally becoming to go out of fashion for some time. In a deep Tuscan straw, with a garland of cherries, and two large choux of tulle matching the straw, it makes a simple yet elegant hat for morning or promenade wear. Another French sailor in pale blue may be given quite a Parisian air by trimming with black quills and choux of black tulle.

The tendency just now is to have larger crowns and little or no brims. Some of the new hats or toques in this kind are distinctly Spanish-looking, being simply draped Toreador fashion with silk or tulle, tilted at the side, and further adorned with a long, sweeping ostrich or coque feather placed underneath. This style of hat is distinctly smart, but it requires a particular type of looks to carry it off well.

Veils play a very prominent part in the season's scheme of millinery. They are very large, and still worn in colours to match the hat or trimming, twisted around the crown, and with long flowing ends behind. They are particularly becoming in cream or pink tulle.

Photo, Blak.

A Popular Prince: Crown Prince Olaf of Norway in the Palace Grounds. He is a great favourite with all classes in his country.

The Right Way to Wear Clothes.

Every other woman is wearing a chiffon or tulle scarf draped around her shoulders. This scarf is worn gracefully by some, but far from successfully by others. There is an art in donning this dainty accessory as there is about putting on various other minor articles of apparel. Some women, although ostensibly well and even expensively dressed, give the impression of having thrown on their clothes in great haste, without any regard for the fitness of things, while others, with half their dress allowance and time, look as though each item had been carefully planned with an eye to the perfect whole which so delights the beholder. The woman with a small dress allowance should study the art of putting on her clothes well and avoid cheap finery, as this is of a kind that may look very well the first time it is worn, but ever afterwards takes on a dowdy, ill-dressed appearance.

Simple Styles Best.

At the Theatrical Fête in the Botanic Gardens the other week the general impression of the pretty frocks worn by many of the charming young actresses was of smart simplicity. The photograph stall was presided over by such popular favourites as Miss Gabrielle Ray, Miss Doris Stocker, Miss Nina Sevening, and many others equally charming and well known walked about the grounds daintily clad in silk and muslin frocks, with trays containing signed photographs slung from the shoulders by means of ribbons. Many of the fair vendors had dresses quite plain in style, yet possessing an indescribable air of chic hardly to be obtained by elaboration, one dainty frock notably being of a prettily patterned green muslin, made with a lace yoke, short sleeves, and a short skirt, clearing the ground by several inches. Numbers of muslin frocks had full gathered skirts made in the same way, the sole trimming being a few tucks or a tiny frill at the foot, and the fashion of the short skirt and puffed baby bodice looked in every instance very girlish and graceful. In fact, in all cases where it is a question of a muslin or washing frock, it will be found that the best results are obtained by the simplest styles.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

MISS WINIFRED GRAHAM: The popular novelist who was married last Wednesday to Mr. Theodore Cory.

The Sentimental Girl. By a Bachelor.

A male critic of the "Sentimental Girl" finds himself in an awkward quandary, for she inspires wonder rather than criticism.

She is, though, an interesting study.

Her motives are so sincere, so unconsciously good.

One accepts sordidness as inevitable, and turns to her as its very opposite.

In her, purity of mind triumphs over earthly weakness.

What sweet dreams the "Sentimental Girl" conjures up! Upon what a lofty pedestal she places the object of her affections! and how often, sad to tell, she is woefully disappointed!

It is not the man's fault, either. She simply builds too fine a statue.

And yet how can one say to her: "Man is not so noble as you sweetly think him"?

Besides, the "Sentimental Girl" should not be discouraged.

She does good, endless good; but, cruelly for her, she suffers much heartache in the doing.

There are verily too few angels in the world to-day—the world that civilisation has created for us.

The "Sentimental Girl" appeals directly, infallibly, to man's noblest nature. It is natural, not an affectation, for her to do so.

For her ideals, if she is imbued with the true-ringing sentiment that stands the shock of time and trial, are almost too high for earthly realisation.

She raises a man to her own pure plane, or else she is unhappy. And, be it remembered, the world is frequently pulling in the opposite direction.

After all, the "Sentimental Girl's" happiness in life depends upon the sort of man she tries to elevate.

Some are hopeless.

Of course, the "Sentimental Girl" is not perfect—at least, not from the worldly point of view. That is, she is often unworldly.

Her head is sometimes a little too high in the clouds. She overlooks the inevitable domestic details. But we do not expect perfection in this weary life.

The "Sentimental Girl," providing she is the true representative of her class, has many virtues to outweigh the faults that are the almost inevitable counter-effects of her lofty aspirations.

Don't Use Cheap Thimbles.

A soreness in what is called the thimble-finger, and even serious inflammation, is sometimes caused by the use of cheap thimbles. These thimbles, which are composed of lead or something equally injurious, may be tempting by reason of their low price, but they are not safe. Silver thimbles are the best, but for those whom they prove too expensive nothing is better than thimbles of highly burnished steel. By a person who gains her living with her needle, a steel thimble is always liked, for it will outlast two or three of the more expensive silver.

The All-Night Light.

There are many conditions and circumstances sufficiently urgent to warrant our breaking any rule or practice. It would, therefore, be quite wrong to say that a child should never be given a light throughout the hours of darkness. I must, however, protest against the quite common custom of having such a light because of the convenience afforded when it is desired to look at one's watch, take a glass of water, re-arrange the bed clothes, or perform any other trifling act. The only light that does not foul the atmosphere is the incandescent electric. Ordinary oil lamps, gas flames, and candles yield poisonous gases.

A Use for Orange Peel.

When oranges are eaten for dessert, the natural juices, with all their wealth of body-material, will greatly assist in the digestive process that the system has just undertaken with the dinner partaken of.

The rinds should not be thrown away. There are many economical uses for them. If steeped in salt and water overnight, then drained, dried, and put into sugar boiled to candying point, they will serve in the kitchen in place of bought candied peels.

Or they may be simply dried on the kitchen range, then grated into powder, or otherwise crushed. This powder is excellent as a flavour for any milk-pudding. Or the rind may be steeped in brandy, after which both the soaked rind and the brandy will become pudding-flavourers of strong orange fragrance, and these will save the buying of many a bottle of essence.

Or, if the rinds are so plentiful that they can be spared for firelighters, they will make excellent aids to the fire if dried and set aside for this purpose. They burn fragrantly, their oil giving a bright flame that helps the unwilling wood to catch fire well and fills the house with an aromatic odour.

Again, the orange-rinds may serve as dainty jelly-cups on party nights. The oranges are cut in halves and carefully taken from their yellow skins. The skins filled with hard jelly, of many colours and sorts, placed in the natural yellow cups, look dainty and delicate. Children are delighted with this dish.

The orange quarters thus taken from their rinds may be served up as a separate dish, either crystallised, or in jelly, or as a *compote* of oranges.

Photo, Reutlinger.

LATEST PARIS FASHIONS: Muslin robe, trimmed with little flounces. Scotch plaid belt. Maison Bechoff-David.

Photo, Reutlinger.

LATEST PARIS FASHIONS: A charming cloak, trimmed with tulle and lace. Maison Drecoll.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER: AL FRESCO CHARITY ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Gaiety Theatre put up its shutters last week for the summer vacation, and the "frocks and frills" of "The New Spring Chicken," and the rest of the merry garrison that has stood the siege of Old Sol at "Fort Edwardes," hurried like wild birds to sea and stream and moor and forest. Mr. George Grossmith, jun., and his wife left London for a tour in Normandy, but just before doing so Mr. Grossmith put the finishing touches to a new three-act comedy—no' a musical comedy called "The Headmaster's Daughter."

The scenes of the play strike me as of rather a novel character. One takes us into the actual school, the second is laid in the "tuck-shop," and the third is in the "playing fields" round about the school. The Headmaster's Daughter is beloved by the principal usher of the school, and her favours are also hotly contested by all the boys of the college. That is the framework of the story.

Miss Marie Doro, the young American actress who made so great a success here with Mr. Gillette in "Clarice," must be a very talented young lady. She was chosen by Mr. Frohman from among the "supers" owing to her earnestness and her appearance. Since then she has speedily made her way to the very front rank.

Miss Doro has just written and composed two songs, "The Doggie in Our Yard" and "Say, Fay." One was accepted and will be sung by Mr. Seymour Hicks at the Aldwych in "The Beauty of Bath," the other by Mr. Angelo at the Vaudeville in "The Belle of Mayfair."

In addition to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who will be seen in the principal character of "The Bondman" at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Arthur Collins has engaged a very strong company for his next autumn drama. Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Frank Cooper, Miss Marie Illington, Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Polly Brough, and Mr. Austin Melford will have important parts. Another interesting engagement is pending with a popular actor. Mr. Hall Caine's play will be found to be of strong emotional interest. The scenes in Sicily will be extremely beautiful and realistic.

There are some novelties at the Pavilion Music-Hall. Miss Daisy Ford and Mr. Walter Tilbury have a sketch called "When the Cat's Away." The title does not mattter. The thing might just as well be called "Town Hall" or "Robbers' Cave." Mr. Tilbury—a very excellent pianist, excellent in technique and execution—comes on dressed as a page, and "to him" enters a lady. They are old sweethearts—or something—and they begin to amuse themselves with little ditties. Incidentally, they take us into their confidence, and we are very glad to be there.

Mr. Tilbury has several little songs by himself, and Miss Ford has several little costumes. They are tenuous, but beautiful. The songs are very well written, and presently we get a big ground-swell of applause. It comes with an adaptation of "England Expects," and it turns out to be a strong Tariff Reform affair in the satirical vein. The Pavilion audience is strong for Mr. Chamberlain and Protection, and the song goes tremendously.

No. 16 is Miss Mabel Bardine and Co. in "Nell of the Music-Hall." Miss Bardine comes to us from America. She has a pleasing presence and manner, and she has pathos, too, when the right moment comes. Only—and this is no fault of Miss Bardine—pathos with an American accent does not, somehow, reach us quite so quickly as sorrow in an English voice.

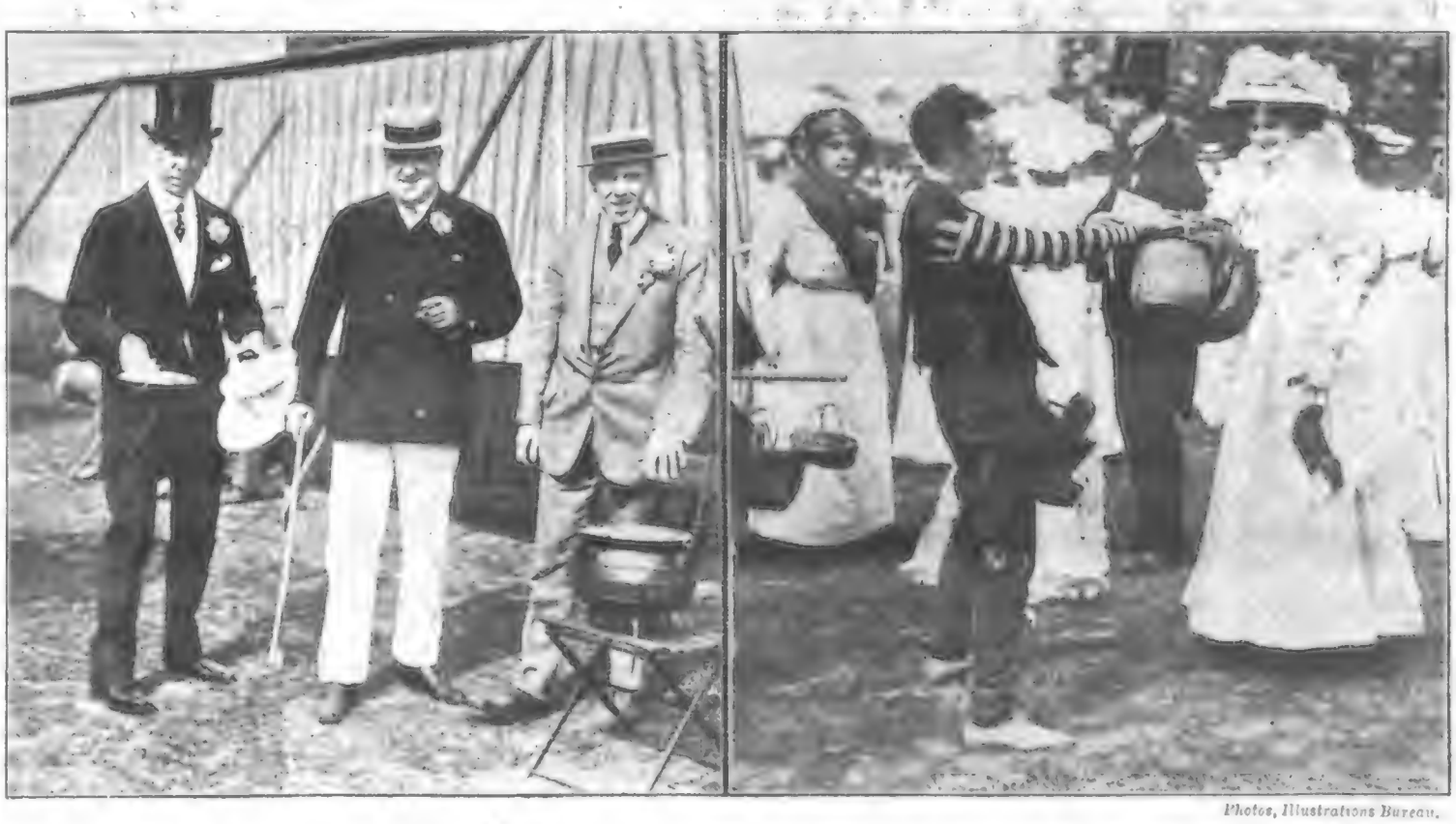
Miss Winifred Hare appears at Shepherd's Bush Empire this week, where Mr. Frank Danby and Company submit the "Chauffeur"; at Hackney Empire Bella and Bijou, the society entertainers; George Robey and Ethel Hayden at Holloway; and Mr. George Gray in "The Fighting Parson" at Stratford Empire.

Photo, I.I.B.

COUNTRY FAIR IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS: In the unavoidable absence of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady Decies presided at the flower market in the Country Fair, held on behalf of our Dumb Friends' League in the Botanic Gardens last week. Our photos show—1. The Mysterious Masked Minstrels. 2. Mr. Hayden Coffin in a hat of his own trimming. 3. A general view of the grounds. 4. Mrs. Ashton Cross as a gipsy in a caravan. 5. Messrs. R. H. Haxell and C. Alport as coster cocoanut-shy men.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY AT REGENT'S PARK: 1. Miss Lilian Braithwaite bowling for cocoanuts. 2. Miss Denise Orme selling programmes. 3. Mr. W. L. Abingdon at the cocoanut-shy.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY AT REGENT'S PARK: 1. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, and Mr. Harry Fregson. 2. Miss Gertie Millar buying a basket from Mr. S. Ellison; in the background is Mrs. Cecil Raleigh as a gipsy.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

The Great Meat Question.

Looking down from that elevation from which the "Jungle" book makes its hero and heroine take their first view of the Chicago stockyards, and looking down upon an English farmer and Britishers' cattle-market presents two very contradictory views. In our home markets, as the photographs taken last week in one of our most busy markets show, there is even a tone of leisure. Refreshment for tired and thirsty men is as handy as are the water-troughs and the breeze and shade-giving trees for the cattle. As a matter of fact, serious agitation in this home-meat question arises from a source much nearer home than many people imagine. Arable farmers are not graziers, in the way, that is, of being breeders of cattle. They have to depend on the fairs and markets for the store cattle with which to refill their feeding-stalls and foldyards. It is with them a question of consuming the root crops and of using up the straw, which their courses of cultivating oblige them to produce, to the best possible advantage. The great and burning question of laying down arable land to grass has another aspect besides the loss of area for crops of corn. If farmers cannot make a profit on their roots and straw, why should they be compelled to grow corn, especially when that crop pays them so badly? Yet there is a class of men who leave off rich and purse-proud, who are linked in with farmers, and without whom our farmers to-day could not carry on at all. Those men are the dealers who attend the markets and fairs. At the other end of the bullock—that is to say, when the farmer has got him up to marketable fatness, as in the case of a prime polled ox, there stands the market salesman who is also an auctioneer. He also must have his pound of flesh. Between these two the farmers are limited and proscribed. Irish store cattle are picked up by twos and threes by the local Irish buyers. They in turn make them over at a profit to large dealers, who buy them right out and send them in droves to be shipped over to England and Scotland. Frequently these large dealers keep a salesman at the largest market centres who sell for them, and who know and feel the pulse of the markets. These men advise their employers, of course. Thus the farmers are hemmed round. There is never a glut. They cannot "pick them up," and they have got to rely on their judgment as to whether they will take or leave the stores that are on sale in the market they attend. Of course, these stores differ greatly in quality. That group of half a dozen opposite the "Bell" are good ones. A fair price for them would be £9 10s. to £11. The dealers will ask £12! Those in the larger group would, at an equal rate, be set at £7 to £9. Dealer's price £10! Now the farmer must pay cash, he must drive them home, he must have good grazing for them, and keep men to look after them. As soon as roots are lifted he will fill up his stock-pens with the prime ones, and run on the others on green turnips and grass until their turn comes to be folded. By the end of three or four months' stall-feeding he will begin to draft them out as fat bullocks. In the markets, under salesmen, these bullocks will not average £17. Perhaps not more than £15 10s. Where, then, is his profit? And in order to bring them up to the bulk and quality of the finest fat ox he would have to carry them on for another six or twelve months. At that rate they may make £21. The opinion of one of the best salesmen in the market where these animals stood is "that Irish stores pay nobody except the dealers, and that Canadian stores, being of a bigger-framed class, would pay farmers to fatten." Everybody who knows of that eighty-odd Irish opposition in the House of Commons knows that the Government dare not set those eighty-odd backs up by passing a bill to admit Canadian stores. So there it is.

Photo, P.I.P.

RECORD PRICE FOR A RAM: Lincoln Shearling Ram, champion at Royal Show, sold for 1,450 guineas, for export to Argentine.

WEEK BY WEEK ON THE FARM: This year farmers have been rather late with their clover and hay crops in consequence of the backwardness of the season. And on many meadows the quantity is not so great as one would wish. However, the weather during the last few weeks has been perfect for haymaking operations, and what is lacking in quantity should be made up in quality. In the south of England most of the hay is now gathered in. The above sketch was made on a farm on the borders of Essex and Herts.

Drawn by Charles Crombie.

"THE GARDENER'S MONTH-BY-MONTH GUIDE TO SUCCESS": Hints for the Horticulturist.

Local Exhibitions.

It is the season of the local shows. From now on through September the rural districts each and all hold their annual show, and make their display of that special product or culture for which each happens to hold a brief. Not that perfect fitness always obtains in a district, though it rules. Far back, when the Lancashire operatives grew and exhibited big gooseberries, there was fitness in their keen local competitions, which compelled judging by weight. The Norwich canary fanciers, too, have had a century and over of their happy vogue of holding feather and song contests. It would be fatal to such societies as these—fatal, that is, to the spirit of local rivalry—to let their ambition carry them into wider fields. Affiliation is not for such. What need is there for it? They who organised the society had an end in view, that of local improvement. Big societies—parent societies, as these concerns like to be called—are as a rule too parasitical, and, but for the overgrown local societies, some of whose members crave for wider notoriety, they would almost cease to live. Appoint paid officials, bring in paid judges, and pay an affiliation fee to a parent society, and the local spirit is doomed. One or two of the leading spirits may urge it, having axes to grind. They hope to get on to the parent society's selection of judges, it may be, and so get sent to distant shows. It is a fine reflection on local spirit and rivalry and honesty when the stranger judge must be called in! It appears to be one of the chief persuasive arguments of the delegate who comes to visit the little show, gets on the committee, and then uses his fluent tongue. "You will be able to call in our judges, you know, and so do away with a lot of jealousy and petty feeling." That is his stock talk. Why, what should we be without our bit of heat? He is a poor judge who can please everybody. And those paid judges—at least, a good many of them—who and what are they? As a rule, they are dealers and experts, every one with his own axe to grind. No, no, local friends, it is best to keep and hold your own, and to grin and bear it when the hope of this year must be deferred to next. As far back as '75 experience taught me that, when I had a tacer from one of the highest paid and placed poultry judges in England, who did not know a Langshan from a black Cochin. Poor man, he has admitted his ignorance since then!

Birds and Fruit.

Of all birds, rid us first of the blackbirds. That is what the fruit growers are saying, and with a very strong reason, too. Every brood of young blackbirds in one's neighbourhood means the loss of 50lb. of fruit or more where one has a succession of it through the season. They begin with the cherries, and they greedily hang on until late gooseberries and raspberries are over. We make no apology, when growing fruit extensively, for clearing the neighbourhood of blackbirds in the spring. We try to drive them away to nest elsewhere. The thrush is almost as intolerable. Its brood takes to the long rows of raspberries like a haunt, and the only feed they will take whilst fruit lasts is fruit. We are not half so much down on the sparrows as we are on those birds. The chaffinch and the hedge sparrow are harmless now. Seed-sowing time, especially the seeding of radishes, is the season they welcome, and when we welcome them least. And those latter birds are of some use. We were watching a hedge sparrow clearing a rose bush of green aphides yesterday, and we made a mental note. DARBY AND JOAN.

Replies in Brief.

SPANIELS are not, as a rule, useful as house dogs. They will bark, no doubt, when disturbed, but they are not easily roused.

WATCHDOG.—Mrs. G. can rely on the collie—smooth or rough—day or night, providing she will feed one hearty feed in the forenoon. The best for an indoor dog, too, and that is where a house dog is most useful.

J. K. L. asks about "rabbits for market, and when will there be something written in this page on them?" There will be a first note next week probably, and we shall have a good many to follow—at least, we hope so. Thanks for kindly-expressed gratification with your *P.I.P.*

HAY FEVER.—All the fever that comes through or from hay or grass would not kill a mouse. The sweet vernal grass is the grass which perfumes the air at this season. If the pollen grains of the grasses be flying in their myriads, as they are when the wind causes them to shed and to float on the breeze, it is possible that people who get to the windward may inhale them strongly. We do, and we quite enjoy the delicious fragrance.

FARMER'S WIFE.—It is not a common practice to mix foreign fat with butter. The agent of a "foreign fat" firm is now awaiting his trial for trying to induce some British dairymen to mix his firm's fat with their butter. Forty-six thousand pounds of butter was seized in a New York warehouse (says a Laffau telegram) recently, which was found to be adulterated with from 20 to 38 per cent. of foreign fats. Of course you would not do such a thing!

THE GREAT PLOT.

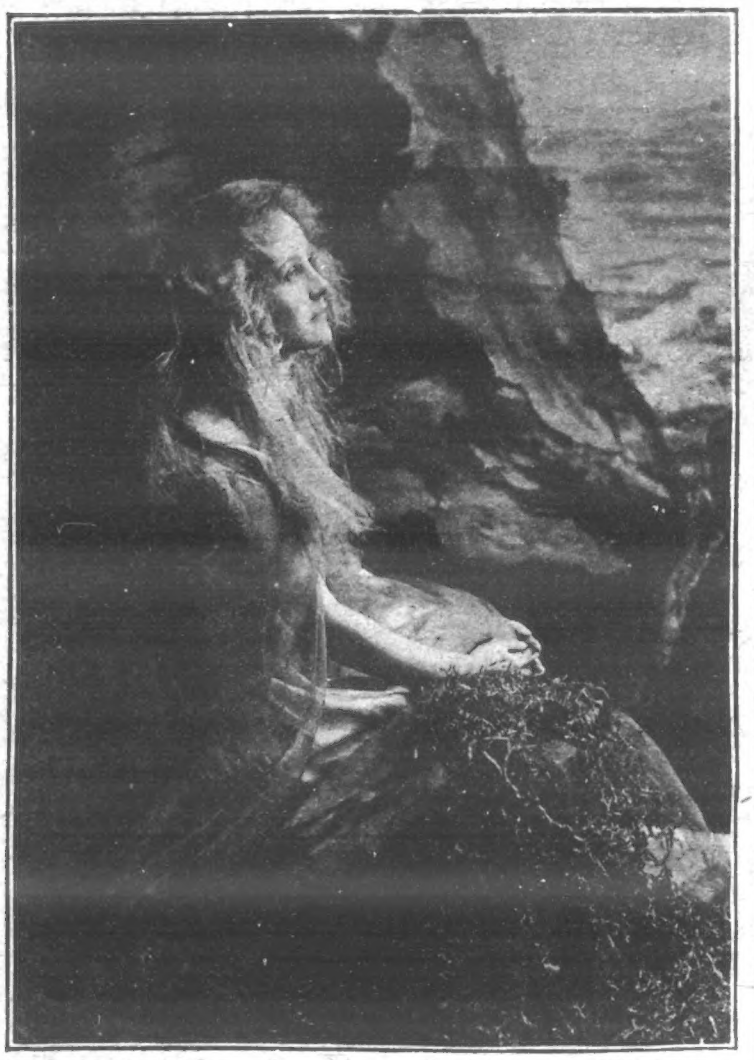
- BY -

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Some Suspicions.

He crossed the room, and, seating himself near Sylvia, began to chat with her. Her outspoken frankness amused him, and even though he scouted the idea when he had calmly put it to himself, he was in love with her. Indeed, it was the girl's charming presence that induced him to linger there long after the hour when, according to the conventional etiquette of calling, he should have taken his departure. She had come upon him as a perfect revelation, and, as he talked to her, she, on her part, felt that this man who had been so



Photo, Bassano.

MORNING FANCIES: A charming photograph of Miss Pauline Chase.

slyly hinted at by Grace, was actually attracted towards her.

This gratified Sylvia's vanity; hence the conversation developed into a mild flirtation on the part of both.

Presently Grace Fairbairn rose and left the room to divest herself of hat and jacket, and when she had gone he turned to Sylvia, saying in a tone quite uninterested:

"I really didn't recognise Miss Fairbairn when she came in. I suppose it was on account of the veil. Spotted net makes such a difference to feminine features."

"Do you like veils?" she asked.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Milbourne, who had overheard. "Every man's answer to that question is most interesting to a woman. Come now, Mr. Hutton, tell us your candid opinion."

"Well," he laughed, "there are veils and veils. One must discriminate between the terrible crape which Paris decrees must be worn for mourning and the ordinary veil for hair-fixing purposes."

"Really," laughed Mrs. Milbourne, "you are waxing quite philosophic on the subject. Are you pro-veil or an anti-veil?"

"Oh! pro-veil, certainly," he responded. "I consider that a piece of fine net, without those ugly patches of chenille which so often hideously disfigure a pretty countenance, improves a face rather than otherwise."

Ethel, who was one of those girls who hated all the foibles of feminine attire, and who wore the same sailor hat with black ribbon during the summer, and in winter a felt one of the same shape, took no part in the idle conversation. She had never worn a veil, she remarked, and knew nothing about them.

"Ethel goes in for purely bucolic beauty," laughed her sister in derision. "Her nailed boots are the admiration of the neighbourhood."

"Sylvia!" cried her mother, sharply reproving her. "How can you say such a thing? It's most unladylike to criticise your sister in that manner."

"Well," pouted the young girl, "it's the truth mother, isn't it?"

Ethel frowned, rose stiffly, and left the room without a word. She was used to Sylvia's ridicule, but seldom attempted any repartee.

Almost immediately after she had gone there was a tap at the door, and the coachman entered, for, having been sent on a message by his mistress, he had received a verbal reply.

"Well, Clipson, what did Mrs. Prentice say?" asked Mrs. Milbourne, as the man stood in the doorway, hat in hand.

"She said she'd finish the needlework this evening, ma'am, and that she'd bring it home in the morning," was the man's reply.

To Hutton, the man's voice sounded distinctly familiar, and he glanced behind him. The man was standing somewhat in the shadow, but nevertheless his clean-shaven features showed distinctly. It was a rather strongly-marked countenance, pitted slightly across the brow with small-pox marks, a peculiar face, with a narrow forehead and heavy jaws. No second look was necessary. Hutton was convinced the countenance of the keen-featured, middle-aged man was familiar, and sat glaring at him as though he saw an apparition.

"Is that your coachman, Mrs. Milbourne?" he inquired, when the man had closed the door and retired.

"Yes, that's Clipson, a most excellent fellow. Why?"

"Oh! nothing," he laughed. "I am a student of physiognomy, and his face struck me as that of an unusually intelligent man."

"He is," declared Sylvia. "He's the best servant we have."

"Good servants are hard to find nowadays," he remarked. "How long has he been with you?"

"Oh! about eighteen months, I think," replied Mrs. Milbourne. "He came to us out of Shropshire."

"With good recommendations?"

"Poor Austen, who always acted the good Samaritan to everyone in distress, knew something of him and recommended him."

Hutton had guessed as much.

"And so he came to you after Mr. Leigh's return to England to live with you?"

"Yes," she replied. "But why are you so interested in him?" she inquired.

"Oh! mere curiosity," he laughed airily. "It seems so strange that a man who, from his face and speech, is a man of culture and refinement should become a coachman."

"Yes," she said; "we've often remarked that. He's a most superior fellow, and was most devoted to poor Austen. He was out driving us on the night of my brother's death, and his grief, when he heard the bad news, was unbounded. I have always had an idea that he had been greatly indebted to Austen in years gone by, because he was so attached to him."

Mrs. Milbourne's statement threw an entirely new light upon the situation—one that Hubert Hutton had never dreamed. It was fortunate, indeed, that he had encountered this man known as Clipson, for in combination with the presence of Grace Fairbairn in that household, it placed in his hand a key to that most remarkable and complicated enigma.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Trip to Town.

During the several weeks of Hubert's visit to Kenyon he was frequently over at Ailesworth, for he now admitted to himself that he had actually fallen in love with Sylvia, and, although no word of affection had passed between them, he nevertheless felt that she was not entirely averse to his attentions.

Hutton paid his visits to Ailesworth with a dual purpose—to see the girl who had entirely captivated him, and likewise to keep an eye upon the two persons in that household who had fallen beneath his suspicion. Since his first visit there, in the capacity of Douglas Kenyon's best man, he had learnt many facts that were astounding. One thing he had proved, and that was that Ailesworth Manor, the quiet home of the Milbournes, was a house of mystery.

So he continued to go there on every excuse, and very frequently at Mrs. Milbourne's invitation. Both girls were fond of fishing, so he often accompanied them to the likely spots along the Nene, and spent long spring days in the meadows, at that time of year golden with buttercups.

In the third week of May, Mrs. Milbourne, Sylvia, and Grace Fairbairn went on a long-arranged visit to some intimate friends near Durham, leaving Ethel, who had excused herself, at home with the Squire. Hutton, just at the same time, accompanied Kenyon to London, and the pair spent a very merry fortnight, for the season was at its height, and both men did not lack friends.

One morning, after Mrs. Milbourne and Sylvia had been absent nearly two weeks, the old Squire, on opening his letters at the breakfast table, exclaimed to Ethel, who was pouring out tea:

"Ah! my dear, I see I must go to London to-morrow for a couple of days. But you can't be left here alone. You must come with me. A short stay in town will do you good. We'll go to a theatre—eh?"

"I shall be quite happy here alone," his daughter replied.

But her father said: "You must come with me. I can't have you moping here. It isn't good for you. We'll go to the Métropole, and while I'm busy with my stockbroker, you can go out and do some shopping or something. Your mother, I recollect, was telling you that she intended to buy several things when she went to London. You can get them for her. Then we can dine, and spend the evening at one of the plays. I'll look in the paper presently, and see what appears to be the most popular thing on just now."

"Very well, dad," replied the rather plain-looking girl. "If you insist upon it, I'll go. But really I consider it quite an unnecessary expense."

"Expense, be hanged!" declared the Squire. "While your mother and Sylvia are away we'll have a little fling in town on our own account. Wouldn't Sylvia have delighted to have been in this—the little puss!"

And so the trip was arranged, and before noon the Squire had secured, by telegraph, two stalls at the Haymarket for the following night.

"Take your best evening frock with you," was his injunction when, later that day, she went to pack her trunk. "You know that to dine at the Métropole you ought to look nice."

"My frocks are never so nice as Sylvia's, so I don't take any interest in them, you know," was her reply.

"Then you ought to, my dear," was the old fellow's answer. "Every woman should be versed in the art of looking her best. Look at your mother. She's a model woman—spends next to nothing on her dresses, and always looks nice. It's a marvel to me how she does it."

"Ah!" the girl laughed. "Mother has such good taste, so has Sylvia. But I have none. Whenever I do my church decoration, or try and invent something that I think artistic, everyone pokes fun at it. It's downright disheartening."

"No, no," exclaimed her father encouragingly, "you shouldn't view matters in that light, my dear. I know quite well that your tastes don't lie in the direction of personal adornment. You prefer study and social work—two very commendable pursuits for a woman. Only—and I'm bound to tell you quite plainly, my girl—only I fear you are growing just a trifle too old-fashioned."

"That's what everyone says," and her father saw that tears were welling in her eyes. "I know the reason. It's because I'm not pretty. It's because I'm awkward and ugly." And she suddenly burst into tears.

"No, no," declared the old Squire, caressing her and seeking to console her. "No, Ethel, my dear, it isn't that. You are quite as good-looking as the majority of other girls of your age. It's your manner that is prim and old-maidish, and which causes some of the evilly-disposed to ridicule you. Come, dry your eyes, dear, and to-morrow we'll have a few hours of amusement and change. We'll go up by the luncheon-car at half-past twelve, and be at King's Cross about two. Then I can drive you to the hotel, and can be in the City in plenty of time to do my business. Come, no more tears. Go up and pack, and recollect—look your best, just to please your old father."

And the hale old fellow laughed as he patted her cheeks and brought a smile back to her lips.

When, on the following day, they had arrived at King's Cross by the Leeds corridor express, which is, by the way, one of the most comfortable trains in England, their luggage was placed on a four-wheeler and the Squire gave the man orders to drive down to the Hotel Métropole, where it was his habit to stay.

They were already proceeding along the Euston Road when of a sudden an idea occurred to him.

Photo, Caswall-Smith.

"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: Miss Jean McKinley, who is playing Miss Irene Vanbrugh's part.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Drawn by G. Vernon Stokes.

SPORT AND TEMPERANCE.

WHITE DOG: "Come and have a drink, old fellow."

BROWN DOG: "Daren't before the judging. I should be overweight!"

"Why, Ethel!" he exclaimed, "Major and Mrs. Langdon are staying at that big new hotel in Bloomsbury Square, the Hotel Blenheim. He wrote to me last week saying that they had quarters there for a month and were extremely comfortable. Why not take them by surprise and go there?"

"A most excellent idea, father," was his daughter's reply, and then the Squire put his head out of the window and directed the driver to take them to the newly-built colossal caravansery that had, only a few months before, sprung up on the site of one side of Bloomsbury Square.

When they stepped from the cab father and daughter found the appointments of the hall, with its huge fireplaces, its splendid tesselated pavements, and its artistic decorations, even more bright than those of the Métropole or Victoria, their favourite stopping-places. They were informed at the reception bureau that Major and Mrs. Langdon were stopping there, but were out at the moment. Therefore, they engaged rooms on the fourth floor, and went up to take possession of them.

Ethel's was a small but pretty apartment, as far as hotel rooms go, with a balcony overlooking the great green square, and sufficiently high up to be away from the noise and bustle of the traffic. But it was already half-past two, and the Squire had an appointment in Coleman Street at three, so he bade a hasty farewell to her, and, arranging to meet her in the ladies' drawing-room at half-past six for dinner, he gave her four sovereigns in order that she might do some shopping, and left.

She stood leaning over the balcony until his hansom had disappeared, then she returned inside her room, straightened her hair, drew on a fresh pair of gloves, and wrote a couple of lines on her visiting-card to leave for Mrs. Langdon on her return.

At first she hesitated where to go, but, having deposited the card at the bureau, she entered a hansom and drove to Regent Street, where she made some purchases for her mother, and afterwards strolled along to indulge in that particular feminine hobby—the loitering before shop windows. Even she, who took no interest in the fashions, was, like most others of her sex, always fascinated by the windows of Regent Street and the host of novelties displayed there. Having walked as far as Oxford Circus, she turned into Oxford Street and continued westward as far as that long row of drapery shops known to Londoners as "Evans's." She halted before the window, and, standing among the crowd, inspected some cheap "lines" in lace therein displayed. But while doing so she was startled at hearing a man's voice at her elbow pronouncing her name.

Turning quickly, she found herself face to face with Hubert Hutton, in silk hat and frock coat, the regulation town kit.

"Why, Miss Milbourne!" he cried, as he lifted his hat; "this is indeed a surprise to find you wandering alone in London! I was passing when I thought I recognised your face among the crowd. At first I ridiculed the idea and went on. But, somehow, being quite certain it was you, I turned back. Whatever brings you to town alone?"

"I'm not alone," laughed the prim, plain-faced girl. "Father is with me. He had to come up on business to-day and would 'ring me. Mother and Sylvia are up in Durham, you know."

"Yes, I had a letter from your sister the other day. She seems to be enjoying herself immensely." Then he added, "But may I walk a little way with you? I have nothing particular to do."

"Oh! with pleasure. I'll be glad of a companion. I'm going over to Bayswater." And they strolled side by side in the direction of the Marble Arch.

She explained to him where they were staying and what had induced them to depart from their usual habit of going to the Métropole, when suddenly he asked:

"Where is Miss Fairbairn?"

"With mother. The Millers invited her."

"And weren't you invited?"

She laughed.

"Oh! yes," she said; "but I hate big house parties, so I excused myself."

"Perhaps a flying visit to town, like the one you are making, is, after all, more pleasant."

"I don't care for London much," she said. "I'm essentially a bucolic person, I fear. At least, all the family give me that character."

Then, in the course of their conversation, she told him how the Squire had arranged for them to meet for dinner and go to the Haymarket afterwards.

Photo, Underwood.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Author of "The Jungle," the book which has stirred up the civilised world to call in question the sanitary methods of the meat packers of Chicago. Incidentally, it has led to an investigation of our own preservation and distribution of meat and other goods.

"I've a very good mind to go to the Haymarket to-night," he said. "In that case I may see you both there. I haven't yet seen 'Nell Gwynne.'"

"All right," responded the girl. "I'll look out for you. I shall tell father you are coming, and probably we will all have supper together."

"Oh! that would be a most merry meeting," he said. "I'd be delighted. Kenyon is dining to-night with some people I don't know."

"Poor Mr. Kenyon!" she exclaimed sympathetically; "he doesn't seem the same as he used to be."

"Ah! Miss Ethel," his friend replied, "he's very much altered. I fear he'll never get over the terrible blow. He was absolutely devoted to your poor sister."

Then a silence fell between them, and they walked together along the crowded pavement without exchanging any word.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In Which Ethel is Confidential.

Suddenly Ethel turned to her companion, and, in a confidential tone, exclaimed:

"Do you know, Mr. Hutton, I have always suspected that you have formed a private theory regarding poor Nella's death. From the very first you have appeared to have interested yourself in the tragic affair, even when the police gave it up as a mystery beyond solution."

"Yes," he said, "it is true that I've taken a good deal of interest in that strange affair, but, as regards my theory, I fear I'm just as wide of the mark as the police have been."

"Well," she went on, "I'm glad to get this opportunity of speaking with you in private. Mother told me long ago of your intense anxiety regarding my Uncle Austen's papers, and I must confess that it aroused my curiosity."

"Why? Your uncle was an intimate friend of mine, and, knowing that he had in his possession papers of considerable value, I naturally explained to your mother the necessity of placing them under lock and key. She, fortunately, took my advice."

"Why fortunately?"

"Well, because if they had not been in a place of safety there is no doubt that an attempt would have been made by certain persons whom the papers concern to get hold of them and destroy them."

"That's very interesting," she said. "Were the papers of such grave importance as all that?"

"They are the very greatest source of anxiety to several people," he responded, with an air of mystery. "Indeed, so desperate are the persons in question that if they were not in the Safe Deposit Company's care at this moment there is no doubt that an attempt would be made to secure them. And I may add that the persons in question are not people to stick at trifles."

"Well, in that case," she remarked, "it is fortunate that you gave us warning, or burglary or something equally dreadful might have happened. But," she went on, "the extraordinary circumstances of poor Nella's death still remain a profound mystery. You were practically there the whole time, yet you saw no one."

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

We live in an age of rich men. Mr. Alfred Beit, who has just died, was one of the richest men in the world, and it is said that so wealthy was he that he could not even have estimated it himself. Unlike many millionaires, he made good use of his money whilst he was alive, living quietly, working hard, and giving away huge sums yearly for Imperial and charitable purposes. Now that he is dead, he has left the greater part of his huge fortune for similar objects.

Only quite a few years ago there was scarcely any millionaires in the world at all, but nowadays the millionaire is a very ordinary person indeed, and even multi-millionaires can be found quite easily. A week or two ago in one hotel in London alone there were five multi-millionaires staying at one time, whose combined capital would represent about fifty million pounds! They were:

Mr. William Rockefeller, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company and railway magnate, whose fortune is estimated at £20,000,000.

Mr. George Westinghouse, the inventor and proprietor of the famous Westinghouse air brake, £10,000,000.

Mr. George Jay Gould, banker and railroad owner, £16,000,000.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, railway magnate and inventor, £2,000,000.

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, banker and financier, £2,000,000.

But the fortune of Mr. Beit and his partners puts all these far into the shade, for only a few years ago the members of the firm were estimated to be worth, between them, a hundred million pounds. And Mr. Beit started life with very little money indeed, as a clerk in a Hamburg counting-house.

Another very rich man, one of the very richest in the world, is Mr. Henry Phipps, who has just taken Glenquoich, Scotland's most magnificent deer forest. Glenquoich covers an area of 50,000 acres, and yields in an average season 100 stags besides hinds. Only a millionaire can be tenant of Glenquoich and its lodge, as the rent and expenses amount to about £100,000 a year.

Starting life in Pittsburg as a fellow errand boy with Mr. Andrew Carnegie at a salary of 5s. a week, Mr. Phipps has had an astonishing career. From errand boy to bookkeeper, from partner in a small firm of ironmongers to owner of a steel mill, he has risen to be one of America's greatest magnates and richest men. Like his partner, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Phipps has given generously of his fortune to various causes. At the conclusion of the South African war he gave £20,000 for the relief of the Boers; he placed large sums at the disposal of Lord Curzon for India's starving poor; he gave £300,000 to one hospital; and the lesser sums he has given to other philanthropies are too numerous to count.

It is the fashion with a great many people to speak rudely and spitefully of the millionaire, but, after all, he has his uses. As the poet says:

Speak kindly to the millionaire:
He has the right to live,
And feel the sun and breathe the air,
And keep his coin or give.

You may be rich yourself, you see,
Before your life is through:
Speak kindly, and remember he
Is human, just like you.

Since I started these editorial notes, a little more than a year ago, I have got into close personal touch with many hundreds of my readers. But I am not at all satisfied. I want to hear from you all.

I want every reader of the *P.I.P.* to take as deep an interest in the welfare of his favourite paper as he would in the career of his local cricket team, or of any of the other things which he cares about. It is a strange fact that, in spite of the strong personal element which enters into all the journalism of the present day, it seldom seems to occur to the average man or woman to take an active interest in the management of the paper they read every week of their lives.

The only time the average reader ever writes to an editor is when he wants to complain about something. That is all right. An editor would rather have that sort of letter than no letter at all. But why not drop a post-card occasionally when you are pleased?

Of course I can tell when you are pleased by the sales of the paper. You would not continue reading the paper and recommending it to your friends unless you were satisfied with the way it is run. But how would an actor feel if he played to crowded houses every night for a year, with never a clap of the hand to warm him to his work? Yet that is what an editor mostly has to do. Think of this, and let me have a post-card every now and again to say what you think of the various pictures and features in the *P.I.P.*

Photo, Mills.

The late Mr. A. Beit, who from being a clerk in a Hamburg counting-house, lived to become one of the richest men in the world, worth many million pounds.

Told in the Market Place.

Do you know a good story? If so, don't keep it to yourself. Everybody likes to hear a good yarn, and to enjoy a good laugh.

In future I hope to run a column of good stories every week in the pages of P.I.P., *and I want to have these contributed by the readers of the paper.*

It will interest you to read your own pet stories in print, and it will amuse other people to read them.

I will give a small prize for every story used.

Postcards only, please, and write clearly. Address "Editor, Penny Illustrated Paper, *13 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.*

The Curate's New Bags.

Most young curates, unless they possess an unlimited supply of self-confidence, usually resort to the expedient of writing out anything they may be expected to say to the congregation during service. If they do not, then the result is very often disastrous, as is instanced by the following story: A certain curate wished to announce to the congregation that the method of collecting the alms after the service would not be the same as heretofore. Going to the chancel steps he said: "I am glad to be able to inform my brothers and sisters that in future the alms will not be collected in the unsightly wooden boxes previously hung in the church porch. The reason for this change is that one kind lady in the congregation has just presented me with two new pairs of bags!"

A Lesson in Spelling.

General Hunter is credited with possessing a larger stock of amusing anecdotes than any man in the Army, and when he is in the mood he can keep a mess table in roars of laughter, his jokes gaining greatly by the serious manner in which they are recounted. One of the best of his stories tells how, as a young officer, he had occasion to call one of the men to account for his weak spelling. The soldier in question was one of the regimental clerks, and his attacks on the King's English were awful. At last Hunter threw down some papers in disgust, and said: "I don't believe you know what W-O-M-A-N spells!" "Trouble, as a rule, sir," was the instant and witty retort of the man.

Quite Professional.

A well-known K.C., the *Daily News* says, once took up a brief for nothing and won the case. The grateful client, however, sent a postal order for 15s., which he accepted, through fear of giving offence by sending it back. At the Bar mess one of the barristers jocularly accused him of unprofessional conduct in accepting less than gold. "Excuse me," replied the K.C., "but I took all the poor beggar had. I consider that is not unprofessional."

Convenient for the Village.

A doctor occupies a floor above the shop of a cobbler in a certain Warwickshire village, and the rustics have been interested in the sign, which reads: "Dr. —— and J. S. Wright, Menders of body and soles."

The Sailor's Lamb.

An old sailor struck inland thinking he would like to try work in the country. He approached a farmer for a meal one day, saying he was willing to work, but that he knew little or nothing of country life.

"I will give you a meal," said the farmer, "if you will round up those sheep on the common there and drive them into this fold. Come back when you've done it."

In three hours' time the sailor came back looking hot, but happy.

"Have you done the job?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," replied the sailor, mopping his forehead.

"You've been a pretty long while about it. Let's go and see them."

Looking over the gate of the field, the farmer saw the sheep safely in the fold. "There's a hare sitting up among 'em," he exclaimed.

"Do you mean that little feller there?" asked the sailor. "Why, that's the little beggar who gave me all the trouble. I thought it was a lamb."

BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts. 2% Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100. **Deposits.** 2½ % Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts. **Advances** made. **Stocks and Shares** bought and sold.—Apply SECRETARY, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

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INSTANTLY RELIEVE AND RAPIDLY CURE GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, AND ALL PAINS IN THE HEAD, FACE, AND LIMBS.

EADE'S GOUT PILLS.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

AFTER ONE DOSE.

"I was better after the first dose."—W. West, Cheveley-road, Newmarket, April 11th, 1904.

SURPRISED THE DOCTOR!

"His recovery surprised the doctor."—J. New, Southampton, Pa, U.S.A., April 27th, 1905.

MY WIFE WAS QUITE CURED!!

"In two or three days after taking your Pills, my wife was quite cured."—A. Ford, 20 Rutland Street, S.W.

EADE'S GOUT PILLS

Are sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; or sent post free for Postal Order by the Proprietor, GEORGE EADE, 232 Goswell Road, E.C.

For More Than Twenty Years

DR. DAVIS'S FAMOUS FEMALE PILLS

have been universally admitted to be a BOON TO WOMANKIND. They are the best-known Remedy for Anæmia, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Loss of Appetite, Hysteria, Palpitation of the Heart, Debility, Depression, Weakness, and all Female Ailments. Boxes, 9½d., 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/-. May be had from Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, or from the PROPRIETOR (only address), 309 Portobello Road, Notting Hill, W. DR. DAVIS'S Invaluable little book SENT FREE on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

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VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (WALNUT STAIN)

Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black. One liquid; a perfect, cleanly, and harmless stain. Acts at once—no smell or stickiness—leaves the hair soft and with a natural gloss. Will not soil the pillow. Warranted free from lead, sulphur, etc., etc. It is washable, nourishing and lasting.

1/-, 2/-, & 5/6 per bottle. By post, 3d. extra, on receipt of P.O.

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Study your baby's comfort and health and get a "Court Royal." These lovely Baby Cars supplied direct from our factory from 4/- monthly, packed free and carriage paid. We save you all shop profits. Magnificent Catalogues free.

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THIS YEAR Eiffel Tower Lemonade is at its very best—it has never been better—we doubt whether it has ever been quite as good. The delicate freshness and rich aroma of ripe lemons will at once be appreciated. A 4½d. Bottle Makes 2 Gallons of Home-made

LEMONADE

Save Eiffel Tower Labels for 10/6 Picture Free.

2 GALLONS FOR 4½

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BUNS & CAKES MADE

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Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

SAVE EIFFEL TOWER LABELS FOR 10/6 PICTURE, FREE.

Eiffel Tower

IN 10 MINUTES you can make, cook, and have ready for the table a large, delicious, nourishing Milk Pudding by adding milk to a 1d. packet of **EIFFEL TOWER PUDDING.**

EIFFEL TOWER MILK PUDDING served with stewed rhubarb, stewed prunes, or tinned fruits is excellent, making an ideal dish.

Served hot it is delightful.

If made in a mould and allowed to cool it is a most attractive and delicious dish.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Try a packet.

Sold by all Grocers and Corn Dealers in 1d. and 5½d. (equal to 8 1d.) packets.

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Milk Puddings

LONDON HIPPODROME.

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15/- For ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 29/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.

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FITS CURED

by **OZERINE**, the new remedy which has cured permanently the very worst cases of **EPILEPSY**, when everything else had failed. In many cases fits cease entirely from the first dose. **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of testimonials. Write to Dept. 26 for a free bottle and test it.—**I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25 High Street, Belfast.**

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SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements, including Varicocele, may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent, in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge, for 3 stamps.—E. J. NORTON, 59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London. Over 30 years' continuous success.

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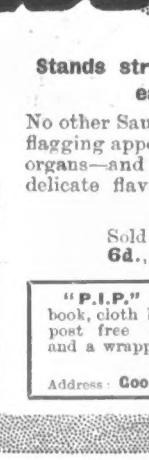
Stands straight upon its own well-earned reputation.

No other Sauce will so surely support the flagging appetite—stimulate the digestive organs—and compel a full surrender of the delicate flavours of fish, flesh, fowl and game.

Sold Everywhere in bottles, **6d.**, **1s.**, and **2s.** each.

"P.I.P." COUPON.—A capital cookery book, cloth bound and fully illustrated, sent post free in exchange for this coupon and a wrapper from a YORKSHIRE RELISH bottle.

Address: **Goodall, Backhouse & Co., LEEDS.**



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Ladies' High class, Second-hand **Clothing.** Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green, London.

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The knowledge contained in this book is of PRICELESS VALUE TO EVERY MARRIED LADY, and has been the means of brightening the lives of thousands. It contains a large amount of valuable information. All will profit by reading it, as the knowledge gained is priceless, and cannot but do good. Sent in sealed envelope

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A lady writes us: "I have read your book. It is simply invaluable, and gave me the information I have sought after for years."

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FROM 35/-

Don't pay a fancy Shop Price, buy a "ROYAL EAGLE" direct from Factory. Shopkeepers' profit saved. Prices from 25/- or 4/- monthly. Send for Art Catalogue. All Cars Carriage Paid. COVENTRY EAGLE CARRIAGE CO., Dept. A5, COVENTRY.

FOR the HOLIDAYS A 50/- GLASS for 12/6

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6D.

Magnificent Race, Field, or Theatre Glass, fitted clear POWERFUL LENSES; 30-mile Range; nickel silver eye-shades and slides. Covered Real Calf, with leather sling Case to match. Sent on receipt of 6d. and 4 stamps for postage. When received, if satisfactory, you send 1/- more and 1/- weekly until 12/6 is paid. **FREE:** A handsome Silver-mounted Briar Pipe, in case, is given to all sending full cash with order or balance in 7 days.—**McCarthy & Co.** (Dept. 55), 44 Archway Road, London, N.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."

(Gordon's original phrase.)

A Valuable Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Mental Depression, Exhausted Vitality, Generative Weakness and Debility in Men; their Cause, and Cure.

This book not only contains valuable remarks on how to preserve Strength and retain the Powers to an advanced age, but points out the best means of nourishing and revitalising the impoverished Nerve Fibres, creating Nerve Force, restoring Vitality and imparting new Life and Strength to the whole body and Nervous System, and will especially interest those who wish to fit themselves for business, study, or marriage. This brief work is the only one that contains any sensible advice to the inexperienced, and to all young and middle-aged men will not only prove instructive, but a valuable safeguard. Sent sealed on receipt of four penny stamps to any address, by CHARLES GORDON, No. 6, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks. (Copyright.) Mention this paper.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of Cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this Paper. A. J. Leigh, 93 and 8 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over nineteen years' successful results.

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Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Genito-urinary troubles, lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and all the allied troubles. Send for treatise with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures. No electricity. Sent sealed free of all charge.

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Best in 1787; Best ever since. A Test of Reliability. 100 Years' Reputation. FOR LADIES.

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Frequently ordered by Specialists.

Awarded Certificate of Merit for the cure of all obstructions, irregularities, anæmia, and all female complaints. They have the approval of the Medical Profession. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists, or by post, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 10d.—C. and G. KEARSLEY, 42 Waterloo Rd., London, S.E. *Insist on having Kearsley's.*

RUPTURE CURED.

Gentleman (cured himself and many others) will send FREE particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment. Highly recommended by the medical profession, and within reach of all. Mention paper and send stamp for "HOW?"

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Acknowledged by Doctors and the fair sex to be far superior to Pennyroyal, &c., ALL LADIES should try them, but be sure they are BLANCHARD'S. Thousands of testimonials. In Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists, or post free with Booklet from LESLIE MARTYN, Ltd., Chemists, DALSTON LANE, LONDON.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS 1½ 29

GOOD CYCLES

Are the cheapest. I sell only the Best Coventry-made machines. Swifts, Rudge-Whitworths, Coventry Challenge, Humbers, Triumphs, Progress, Rovers, Centaurs, Singers and Premiers. A High-grade Coventry Cycle for

£4 10s. cash or 5s. monthly.

5 years' Guarantee given. Sent on approval. Write for free lists To-day.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ld. (Dept. P8) World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Coventry.

Sunburnt Skins

HEAT DISCOMFORTS AND DANGERS—ZAM-BUK A COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING BALM.

"Even sunshades won't keep it off."

LILIAN HOCKNELL

The tale of Summer's heat and glare will be told in all sorts of skin sicknesses, from simple sun spots and peeling noses to more serious disorders, arising from excessive perspiration or dryness.

Hands, faces, and necks are, of course, the parts liable to suffer from disfiguring sunburns or smarting patches. In the armpits and other joints serious sores may arise from chafing and excessive perspiration, and on the chest and back heat rashes or eruptions are very prevalent.

Light clothing, which permits the skin to "breathe" freely, frequent ablutions, and regular anointings with Zam-Buk, the balm that *suits the season and the skin*, are absolutely essential to skin-health just now.

Zam-Buk is delightfully cooling and soothing. The pure skin medicines contained in its herbal essences are so refined, and of such scientifically-accurate consistency, that they *soak through the tissues*, and restore the softness, clearness, and pleasant "feel" of health to the most troublesome skin.

Zam-Buk is both a protective and a corrective balm, and obstinate rashes or sores yield to its healing influence just as surely, if not as quickly, as do the minor trials of the season.

Miss Mary Baker, of 27 Hammerton Road, Northfleet, Kent, writes:—"Last summer my brother got very badly sunburnt, and his face broke out in nasty sores. We tried all sorts of ointments, and he also attended the hospital, but the sores spread. At last we tried Zam-Buk and it completely cured him."

Miss Walters, of 5 Meads Street, Eastbourne, writes:—"An irritating rash broke out on my back and chest. I bathed the parts in warm water, and afterwards dressed them with Zam-Buk. I got speedy relief, and after continuing the applications for a few days all the spots quite disappeared. My skin is now perfectly clear."

Zam-Buk

"RUB IT IN"

Zam-Buk is invaluable for sunburn, excessive perspiration, sore feet, nettle-rash, insect bites, eczema, ulcers, pimples, boils, rash, bad legs, piles, swollen joints, sore heads, festering sores, and poisoned wounds, cuts, bruises, and burns, scalds, sprains, stiffness, twisted and strained muscles. Of all chemists, or direct from the Zam-Buk Co., 4 Red Cross Street, London, E.C., for 1/1½ or 2/9 per box (2/9 box contains nearly four times the 1/1½).

FREE!

Cut out this Coupon and send with 1d. stamp to the ZAM-BUK CO., Greek Street, Leeds, for free sample box.

P.I.P., July 21, 1906.

"WINCARNIS"

A Wholesome Restorative for Nervous Debility.

THE EXCITING CAUSE OF DEBILITY

There is not the least doubt that the exigencies of modern life are producing an ever-growing amount of serious nervous diseases, affecting both sexes of all ages.

We usually connect nervous breakdown with old age, but statistics prove that the most serious cases occur among young people, the cause: "imprudence and recklessness."

The eminent Dr. Wood says: "Nervous exhaustion may, in the beginning, affect the whole of the nervous system, or it may be at first purely local and co-exist with lack of general nervous strength."

Dr. William Erb, of the University of Heidelberg, says: "Nervousness is the growing malady of the age; hysteria, hypochondria, and neurasthenia are increasing with fearful rapidity."

Minds are overburdened, the pleasures of social life follow, over-exciting the already enfeebled nervous system, with the result that the nerve stamina is crippled by exhaustion.

Society, science, business, art, literature, even religion, are all pervaded by a spirit of unrest, and by a competitive zeal which urges its victims on remorselessly.

Nerve force is Nature's most valuable asset in life, and it behoves everyone who enjoys it to guard it carefully against injury either by overwork or indiscretion.

8,000 MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS

Dear Sirs, Belfast, October 16, 1905.

I am pleased to inform you that I have on numerous occasions ordered "Wincarnis" to my patients. I have always found it a most nourishing and stimulating preparation.—Yours sincerely, J. F.

"WINCARNIS with Quinine."

This preparation, which is very bitter, has a large sale, and must not be confounded with "Wincarnis" without Quinine. Wincarnis with Quinine can be obtained of most Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors and Stores, but Wincarnis without Quinine is sold by Licensed Grocers, Licensed Chemists, and Wine Merchants. If you want Wincarnis without Quinine, do not be persuaded to take the Wincarnis with Quinine.

CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

THE DELICIOUS AND AGREEABLE REMEDY

The remedy for nervous breakdown, according to the evidence of over 8,000 members of the medical profession, is Coleman's "**WINCARNIS**," a restorative of extraordinary excellence.

"**WINCARNIS**" generates the glowing fire of human energy and prevents the vital nerve force from being exhausted by overwork, anxiety, worry, and undue excitement.

"**WINCARNIS**" may be taken as a beverage with permanent benefit, until the renovated organism has attained to its destined degree of perfection by digestive efficiency.

"**WINCARNIS**" sustains Nature when the strain of an arduous life tests the powers of endurance, and supplies the requisite force for the accomplishment of our highest ideals.

"**WINCARNIS**" is prescribed by the medical profession for exhaustion consequent upon a long and painful illness, and quickly restores the convalescent to health and strength.

"**WINCARNIS**" is not only a boon in the sick-room, but is equally beneficial to those who in comparative health need something to keep their strength at the maximum.

"**WINCARNIS**" makes work a pleasure and sleep refreshing, and never fails to rejuvenate the languid, depressed, and morbidly sensitive, whether young or old.

"**WINCARNIS**" is sent gratis for the purpose of a thorough test.

SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT FREE

To obtain "Wincarnis" free of charge, send this Coupon to Coleman's Wincarnis Works, Norwich, with three penny stamps enclosed to pay the cost of carriage. No charge whatever is made for the bottle of meat and malt wine.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Name .....

Address .....

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, July 21, 1906.

NOTE.—Any applicant is entitled to one free sample bottle of "Wincarnis," providing three penny stamps are sent in with this coupon. The stamps pay the cost of carriage, but no charge whatever is made for the bottle of wine. Address to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, marking envelope "Coupon."

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